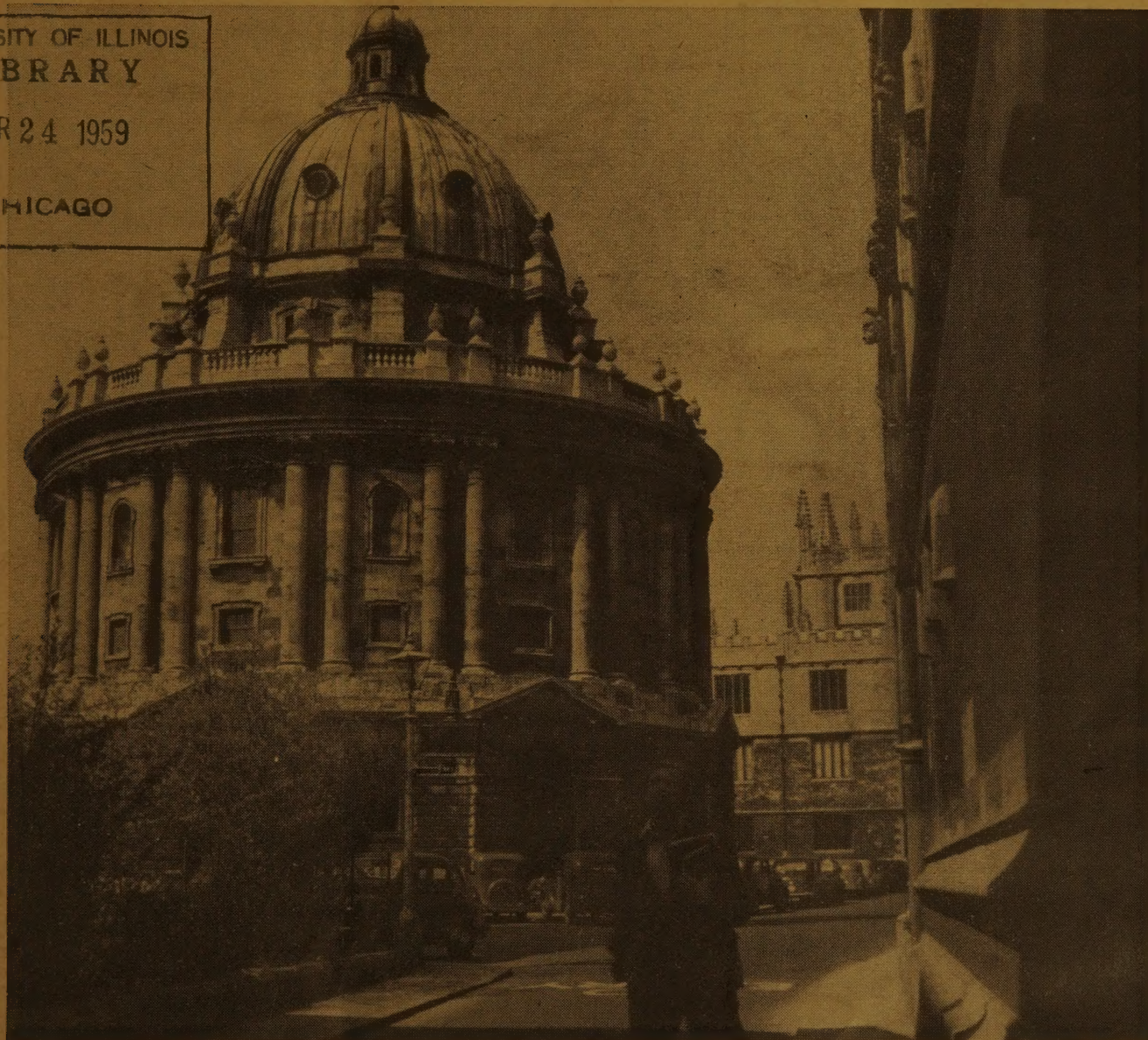


The Listener

Published weekly by the British Broadcasting Corporation, London, England

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Henry Grant

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Microbes to the Moon

By Kenneth Bisset

The Ring: a Link in a Chain

A short story by Donald Windham

Art, Bridge, Chess, Crossword, Music, New Novels, Radio Criticism



the things they say!



Most of the troubles in industry today arise because, in the big firms, the men at the top know nothing about the chaps at the bottom.

Well, that's not true of my outfit — I.C.I.

Why not? I.C.I. is one of the biggest firms in the country —

Yes, but we've been conscious of this problem for years, and we realise there's no easy solution to it.

One thing that does help is our Works Council Scheme.

This is how it operates. The workers in I.C.I.'s factories elect their representatives — by ballot — to their Works Council, to which members of the management are also appointed. At their monthly meetings the main interest is local domestic problems, including accident prevention and production matters. The Works Councils in their turn send members to Councils representing each manufacturing Division, which meet twice a year.



But how do the workers meet the top men — the Board of Directors?

I'm coming to that. Each Division Council sends representatives to a Central Council that also meets twice a year. There the men from the shop floor put their point of view on all sorts of topics before the Chairman himself and the Directors.

What sort of topics — rates of pay, perhaps?

No, those matters we negotiate with the Trade Unions. These Councils deal with other features of the Company's labour policy.

The interest they showed in the idea of Profit-Sharing, for example, helped to bring our I.C.I. scheme into being. I.C.I.'s 1,300 Works Councillors are an important link between top management and workers, because they do a lot to ensure that the Company's policies are understood by everybody.

The Listener

Vol. LXI. No. 1562

Thursday March 5 1959

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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Will Democracy Prevail?

AIDAN CRAWLEY on the political future of an empire in liquidation

Mr. Aidan Crawley has recently returned from a tour of the Commonwealth to make B.B.C. television programmes. In this talk he outlines some of the conclusions he reached about West Africa during the tour.

IN 1939 the British Empire was at its height. In extent and population it was the greatest the world has seen. By the end of next year, 1960, it will virtually have come to an end. Britain may still be responsible for some territories in East Africa where the processes of self-government will take a few more years to mature, but with this exception all that will remain will be a chain of islands and trading posts strung out across the globe. In twenty years this vast Empire has been voluntarily and peacefully liquidated.

For eight months in 1958 I travelled all through these lands which have been under British rule, going as far west as Jamaica and as far east as Malaya and Australia. I visited both East and West Africa and revisited India which I already knew well. I took with me a sound-camera crew and recorded hundreds of filmed interviews for a series of television programmes which have since been broadcast by the B.B.C. My object was simple: to find out whether these countries, as they become independent, are likely to develop democratically or autocratically; to judge whether they are going to be an asset or a liability to the free world. The conclusions I reached differ from territory to territory and are not always flattering either to ourselves or to the peoples concerned.

I begin with West Africa. As I discovered when I did my television programmes, educated West Africans are apt to resent the truth about their countries being known. They think of themselves as typical and want others to see their country through their eyes. But the truth is that the mass of the people

throughout West Africa still live in mud-and-thatch villages, are without education, are dominated by fear of evil spirits and by belief in the witch doctor. Many tribes still go without clothes.

I had expected that educated West Africans would blame Britain for this backwardness. To my surprise I generally found them both too generous and too just to do this. For example, leading Nigerians were quick to point out that, whatever the shortcomings of the British, it was due to them that tribal wars had ceased, that the population was increasing instead of decreasing, and that Nigeria existed as a country at all.

On the other hand—and this I did find disturbing—most people seemed also to assume that when the British left everything would at once become easier still. They pointed with pride to Ghana and said that what Ghana could do they could do better. Even those in high positions, who have already heavy responsibilities and know the difficulties that independence will bring, seemed to expect a great spurt forward. With the help of countries like the United States of America, Germany, Japan, and India, who have not so far been able to play a part in the development of the British territories, they hoped to be able to do at once the things which we, the British, had not wished or been able to do; develop education more quickly, establish a cattle industry on modern lines, build new factories and create new industries. They spoke of 'employing' others as we, the British, had employed them; and they assumed that all these things would happen within a political system which would progress as smoothly and peaceably as it has under British rule.

It would be of enormous benefit to us all, materially and spiritually, if these things did happen. But will they? To a West African preparing himself for independence, the example of the Sudan, Indonesia, Burma, Ceylon, and even Ghana may

be immensely inspiring; to citizens of older countries, looking for colleagues in what we hope to make a freer world, they are deeply depressing. And the reason is always the same—political instability. In each of these countries democratic institutions have been swept away or perverted to the use of the party in power. Some have been governed by a succession of 'strong men', each of whom is apt to reverse the policy of his predecessor. In all of them there has been civil disturbance, and in some, civil war. Poverty and misery are more widespread than ever. An outsider—and even in countries which we previously ruled and which remain within the Commonwealth we British feel ourselves outsiders today—cannot help looking at West Africa and wondering whether the same thing is going to happen there.

In Britain we are so conscious of the dangers of dictatorship that people accuse us of being hypersensitive. But our sensitivity has a good reason. No dictator can satisfy everybody, and few can satisfy a majority for long. And when discontent is not allowed an organized and constitutional outlet it turns in the end to revolution. The history of the South American republics over the last hundred years is a monument to the misery, poverty, and insecurity that dictatorship can bring. Yet most of those countries have potential wealth as great or greater than any in West Africa.

Another lesson we have learned, mainly from Europe, is that dictators tend to have imperial dreams. They see themselves as saviours and want to save other peoples besides their own. And because other peoples do not necessarily want to be saved, or see the proffered salvation as slavery, their dreams often lead to war. There is already more than one figure in African politics who dreams in this way and who proclaims his dreams. But as more and more African territories become independent, will these dreams be acceptable? Will the leaders of a new Nigeria or of the new French African territories whose union with France is no longer so tight as to prevent them playing a vigorous and independent part in African politics—will they all accept the example, the leadership, of Dr. Nkrumah or President Nasser in African affairs? Do the rank and file of African nationalists want large centralized African states? Is there the administrative ability available to run them?

No One Acceptable Ruler

One has only to look at the tensions between the different regions and sub-regions of Nigeria to know that no one ruler would be willingly accepted there; yet, if the means of changing rulers peaceably and constitutionally are removed, a clash is inevitable. Statesmen like Mr. Balewa, Federal Prime Minister of Nigeria, or Mr. Awolowo, the Prime Minister of the Western Region, are aware of these dangers; when their followers point so enthusiastically to Ghana as an example one wonders how they propose to overcome them.

The truth is that when the British leave Nigeria or any other African territory political difficulties will really just begin. With independence the restraints and disciplines of democratic procedures will be not easier but infinitely harder to preserve. When the buffer of a British controlled administration is removed, the clash between the traditional authority of chiefs and the new and expanding authority of elected representatives becomes direct and acute. The chiefs often feel that elected representatives are more interested in power for themselves than the welfare of the people; and the elected representatives feel the same about chiefs. Is it likely or even possible that this clash of beliefs can be resolved by an agreed compromise? In Ghana it is being solved by the removal of chiefs and the suppression of opposition. What chance is there of it being handled differently elsewhere?

This leads me to an even broader question. Do African politicians really want a democratic system? The working of democratic institutions demands not merely the acceptance of organized opposition but a profound belief that there are always two sides to a question and that both must always be expressed. In my contacts among educated Africans I did not feel that this was a common characteristic. On the contrary, I was often struck by the sharpness with which Africans spoke to each other and of each other, and by the contempt which an educated African often showed towards his poorer compatriots. Africans like and

can certainly wield authority, but that is a different thing from understanding or wanting to wield it within the democratic framework.

But what, you may ask, does democracy really matter? After all, the Western Democracies support and are even allied to dictatorships like those in Portugal and Spain; they may even be going to renew support for President Nasser. Why not let the new countries of West Africa find the sort of government most suited to them and then help them to develop it?

Suiting the Leaders

To which I would reply that it is possible that several West African countries will turn into dictatorships but that if they do it will not be because dictatorship suits the people but because it suits their leaders. The restraints of democracy on the use of power are the one great step forward in civilization in the last 2,000 years; but they are restraints which are always difficult for leaders to accept, and particularly new leaders. And a people has to be constantly alert to assert these restraints. It is highly improbable that enough people in West Africa are aware of the value of democratic institutions to make any effective attempt to preserve them when they are threatened.

Nevertheless, if they do not, it will not be easy for Britain or the Western Powers to give them help. It is true that we in the West are allied to some dictators, but always with such reserve and anxiety that both our trade with and investments in dictator countries are small. The money behind Western enterprises belongs to millions of people most of whom are not rich by our standards; it cannot be risked in countries where at any moment it may be confiscated at the whim of a dictator. The money at the disposal of the Communist states—which for practical purposes today means Russia—may certainly be issued without reference to the wishes of any individual Russian; but do you imagine it is used abroad except to further the interests of the Communist faith and to extend the influence of Russia? How much can Russia, with the vast plans she has just announced for raising the standard of living of her own people, really spare for the rest of the world? What, for example, is the standard of living in Poland, Hungary, Rumania, or Bulgaria, which are all within the Russian economic orbit? Can Russia really support every new dictator who finds himself in financial straits? The evidence is all the other way.

It is for these reasons that we look with such anxiety on the emerging territories of West Africa. There is no question of their not emerging, but if the struggle for power between rival groups in Nigeria or Sierra Leone goes the way it is going in Ghana, and if the rivalry between the leaders of Ghana, Nigeria, and other states goes the way it is going in the Arab world, then I for one foresee a period of chaos ahead far greater than we have experienced so far this century. I do not say that it will go that way; an enormous amount depends upon Nigeria, which is large enough to support independence and whose statesmen are both more inclined and more capable of preserving democracy than most others. It is there that our hopes lie.—*European Services* [Three further talks by Mr. Crawley will appear in future numbers of THE LISTENER]

The third volume of the *Cambridge History of the British Empire* carries the story from 1870 down to 1919. It contains nineteen chapters produced under the inspiration of three editors, the late E. A. Benians, who was Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, Sir James Butler, the Vice-Master of Trinity College, and Professor C. E. Carrington of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. Between them the editors have contributed four chapters to the volume, while others are written by Sir Hersch Lauterpacht, Principal Anthony Steel, Rector Kenneth Wheare, Professors G. S. Graham and Jack Simmons, Mr. Brian Tunstall, Dr. R. B. Pugh, Mr. A. F. Madden, Mr. J. E. Tyler, and two Fellows of St. John's College, Cambridge, Mr. F. H. Hinsley and Mr. R. E. Robinson. Of particular interest perhaps will be: Dr. Pugh's study of the Colonial Office from 1801 to 1925; Sir James Butler's analysis of 'Imperial Questions in British Politics' during the eighteen-seventies; and Mr. Hinsley's two studies of international rivalry in colonial acquisition—from 1869 to 1885 and from 1885 to 1895, with their sequel in his two chapters on British foreign policy and colonial questions in the decades before 1914. While the volume costs £5, it contains 964 pages and includes full bibliographies.

Avoiding Failure by University Students

By NICOLAS MALLESON

THE problem of avoidable failure in students is a big one. There are a great many full-time students in the country: some 100,000 in technical and teacher-training colleges, and about 85,000 in universities. I work in a university, so that it is about these last I will be talking.

Next October some 27,000 boys and girls will leave school and go, as young men and women, to the university to read for undergraduate degrees. How many will fail? The total number failing in the country has never been exactly worked out, but the best estimate one could make would be about 15 per cent. Half will leave at the end of their first year, a quarter at the end of their second year, and the rest during their third or fourth years (to get to Finals and then fail is not common). For many reasons, it is my personal view that a 15 per cent. failure rate is too high.

In the first place it is too costly. It is impossible to compute exactly how much it costs to train a student at university: it varies so much in different courses. Fees and undergraduate teaching probably cost about £200 a year; the student's living expenses probably amount to about £300. It does not matter who pays: this is its cost in terms of the national economy. We seem to be wasting 6,000 student years annually: this works out at something in the region of £3,000,000 a year—too much to waste.

Failure also wastes university places. We are in any case hard-pressed to educate enough people. The 'bulge' of post-war babies has now reached the grammar schools. In a few years it will reach us. Absorbing them is not only costly—it is limited by the shortage of space and trained staff. By far the most rapid and economical way to add, say, 10 per cent. to our available places would be to cut into that failure rate. This is the more particularly important in that failure is not evenly spread throughout all departments. The humanities fail many less than the sciences and technologies, where, in some institutions, there have been failure rates of up to 30 per cent. It is just these places that are the most needed.

But the worst thing is that so many young people, bright above the average, are being turned out to start their life with a failure. The amount of personal distress and sorrow coming from that is too great; this often because of examination markings which we all of us know are far from reliable, for fluke plays a great part in all examinations. It is not right that such a penalty without appeal should be visited upon anyone. It is my contention that many failures are as much the fault of the university as of the student. But the student suffers.

Why does a student fail? A glib answer, one I hear often in staff common rooms, is that he is not good enough. People who believe this say that there should be better selection. Personally I do not think selection can help much. Consider, for example, first-year examination. If you look at the failure rates for different departments, say physics or chemistry or law, you will find that they differ from one another considerably, but year by year these remain extremely constant. Engineers, for example, consistently fail three times as often as medical students. An unvarying annual failure rate for each department suggests more

than the fortuitous fluctuations of student ability. It suggests that each department has a more or less traditionally established failure rate. If, at the first-year examinations, more people seem to be failing they lighten the markings and give the benefit of the doubt to those on the borderline. If more than usual seem to be passing, then in order to 'keep the standard up', so it is said, the marking is stiffened and those on the borderline go out.

Obviously, where such a system operates, no amount of improved selection will have much effect on the failure rate. It will certainly mean that you throw out better students than you used to, but this is hardly the desired result. In this case, it is not the selection

procedure but the examinations and the general set-up by which the department handles its first-year students that we should look into. Given reasonable selection, it is what happens to students, both in their academic and their personal life once taken, and what the university itself does that matters. Research into this we call 'operational research'.

Compared with the size of the problem, there has been little operational research, though some of the results are beginning to be interesting. Some research has been done on examinations themselves. There is no doubt that the ordinary examination papers, with five or six essay-type questions, gives a chancy result. Examiners marking other examiners' papers, unbeknown, have more than once been found to fail their colleagues outright. In many subjects, particularly medicine, people here are beginning to experiment with the multiple-choice question type of examination. It has been in use in the United States for a long while. It may well be that university opinion will swing round on this question of examination techniques. We may begin to examine students by fairer means. That alone might cut the failure rate considerably.

Schooling, or perhaps one should say social-class background, is also an important factor in failure, at any rate at our college.



'Most of us think of a university as inherently pleasant': a peaceful scene on the Backs at Cambridge

J. Allan Cash

Most of our students come from grammar schools. Only about a quarter come from fee-paying schools, but their failure rate is between two and three times greater than that for the grammar schools—28 per cent. against 11 per cent. I do not know why this should be; we are trying to find out. Perhaps children from the fee-paying schools are under more pressure from their parents. Perhaps they are more harassed by a feeling they have to succeed because parents, brothers, cousins have all been successful at the university. But one must find out facts, not speculate.

There is a great need for more research, not only into methods of teaching but into methods of study. How many hours' study a day is the best compromise between reading too little and becoming over-tired and stale? What are the most effective ways of reading? To go straight through from cover to cover or to read and re-read short passages? Is it best to make notes? We still know little about the students' own study. There has been work on how long they study, and there are enormous individual variations. One man may do five or six times as much as another and even then not do as well in his examinations. If we could save students from falling into inefficient ways of study, think how many precious hours could be saved.

Student Union activities and even athletics are sometimes blamed for student failures. There are a few students who spend so much of their time in Union work that their course suffers. But I doubt whether there are many. Certainly what studies we have done at University College suggest that the academically successful student is an all-rounder. He plays games and he takes a good part in general college life. Students who fail, on the other hand, have much more often done nothing at all in the student societies, and usually not played any college games. Indeed, many of the failures are isolated people, making few friends and making little use of any of the college facilities. You find them coming into college simply for lectures and 'practicals', and slipping back quietly to home or lodgings, far more than do the successful ones. Good students tend to be good at everything. They are even good at earning money in the vacation. At any rate, in our studies they have reported getting more vacation jobs than the failing students or those who just scrape through.

Personal Anxiety

There are many such aspects of both students and universities about which we must find out more if we are to cut the failure rate. But the most important, I feel, will be found in questions of personal distress and anxiety. I work in a Student Health Service, and a great number of the students who come to us come not because of physical disease but because of mental strain in one form or another. Most obviously, they come up before finals, suffering from 'examinitis'. Almost all students worry before examinations, but 10 or 15 per cent. worry themselves sick—or, rather, they worry themselves silly. That is to say, they become panicky and tired, cannot concentrate on their revision, and write muddled answers to simple questions. 'Examinitis', indeed, is one of the principal charges to be levelled against the accuracy of examinations. One is not only testing how much a man knows about physics; one is testing his capacity to remain calm and collected in the face of a particular type of stress.

But examinations are not the only cause of worry in students. There are girl-friend or boy-friend problems. There are quarrels or difficulties with the family. Often parents find it difficult to adapt to their children's growing up, and treat them as if they were eleven, particularly if they are living at home in London. There are social problems, and there are a host of ordinary glooms and despondencies which seem to come by themselves. Whether you call these 'manic-depressive cycles' or whether you call them 'ups and downs', they are the common lot of all young people growing up, and add to the total of distress and anxiety which I believe is so relevant to academic failure.

I would not like to give the impression that students are a psychologically unstable lot. Indeed, I do not think they are. Certainly, such studies as have been done on psychiatric stability of other occupational groups or of candidates for National Service suggest the reverse. But students meet trouble with their work when they are disturbed far quicker than do other young people. The apprentice or the farmer's boy, like the student, has his

anxieties and depressions, but you can turn a lathe or plough a furrow little impaired if you are gloomy and low. But you cannot study. The first thing that happens to a student in distress is that his work deteriorates. Then he becomes worried about that, too. That makes things worse, in a vicious circle. It does not take long for a basically stable lad to get into a proper mess. That is why it is so important for the university to make sure that there are people who are able to help the student in trouble: not only medical people but sympathetic tutors and staff members, hostel wardens, chaplains, and the like. British universities in general are open to the criticism that they have not enough persons or agencies qualified and able to help troubled students.

Emotional Strain

Most of us, having some vague image of summer punting on the Backs, think of a university as inherently pleasant. When we realize that many young people are far from happy there, we instinctively feel there must be something amiss, something superimposed that prevents its natural joy. Many things have been invoked as malign influences: the syllabus is over-long; games and recreational facilities are inadequate; there are not enough hostels or halls of residence; social contact between students and dons is much less than it used to be before the war; interest in religion is waning; the grant system brings into the university students with a great discrepancy between the cultural background of home and college. But, true as any of these things may be, there is more to it than that. Such material difficulties of one sort or another are the common stock of life. They do not normally seem to create the sorts of problems and difficulties that we meet among students. More and more I came to feel that there is for many an element of emotional strain implicit in the very process of higher education.

But why should university life be difficult? I should say that learning, taking in, absorbing, is essentially a faculty of the very young, of the pre-pubertal. On reaching physical maturity, an animal—or man in the more natural state—becomes independent, fends for himself, takes a mate, produces offspring, initiates rather than copies, acts rather than learns. His whole *modus operandi* becomes outgoing rather than intaking. In society, however, we block the simple course of nature. The physically mature is still socially immature. By enjoining a further long period of education, we impose a discordant period of psychological childhood upon the physiologically adult. For, however courteous and sophisticated a university may be, being an undergraduate does involve, in essence, a childhood situation. It means a greater or less period of celibacy; a greater or less period of dependence, either on the parents or on a benign parental government; and essentially it means a period of intensive learning—of intaking rather than outputting. It is this discordance, inevitable in a modern society, which I suggest is the implicit difficulty of the student. Many can cope with it and come through their university career with happiness and vigour. Many, even sturdy people, patently cannot. It is not possible for the university to cut its failure rate and to make the best use of its student material unless it is prepared to accept some responsibility for coping with these kinds of normal difficulties.

The Ultimate Purposes

The ultimate purposes of university education have for many years been the subject of lively controversy. Here it would be inappropriate to enter that debate. All now agree, however, that the university's educational responsibility is far wider than the mere teaching of a degree subject to a preordained level. In broad terms the university has to take the growing senior schoolboy and act upon him in such a way that he matures into a personally well-balanced man, possessed of some general culture and education, and appropriately qualified in his own subject. To do this a university must employ a variety of means far wider than those of the lecture room. Seminars, practical work, field trips, a library with access to original material, union activities, athletics, residential hotels, and a host of other institutions, material and cultural, are all essential to this.

Left to himself, the average student is unlikely to make the best use of all the university offers him. It is not easy for an inex-

perienced person, still in the most active stages of personal growth, to apportion his limited time and energy between manifold, and often competing, claims. Though some students may achieve a satisfactory balance by themselves, others, inevitably, will err too much in one direction or another. Some will neglect their departmental work for athletics, just as some will engross themselves with study to the exclusion of all else. It is not enough, therefore, for the university simply to provide the material facilities. It is necessary also to provide certain agencies to help the student make the best use of what is available.

Nowadays, in British universities, the teaching staff on the whole recognizes that it must do more than deliver lectures; it must attempt to help the individual student over his difficulties with his studying, and it must guide him in the proper apportioning of his intellectual resources. By beginning the tutorial system, some universities are now going further, and are frankly taking responsibility for giving help and guidance not only in matters of study but in more general matters of university life, grants,

courses, accommodation, and even, when asked, on personal and religious problems. Over the last ten years Student Health Services have been established in many universities, and these too have been giving increasingly more attention to general counselling and help with personal difficulties. The next ten years will, I think, see continued development in all the agencies through which the troubled student can receive help. I hope, too, that there will be much more 'operational research'.

I suppose there is not a major industry in the country, certainly not one that absorbs so much money as does university education every year, that is as ignorant of its own 'production processes' as we are. But needs stimulate means. We are beginning to try to find out, and we are beginning to create the humane agencies needed to fill the worst gaps.—*Third Programme*

Granta, the Cambridge University magazine, celebrated its seventieth birthday last year. It is a lively journal and good value for ninepence. Recent contributors include Peter Laslett, Colin Rowe, and Andrew Sinclair, the author of the successful novel *The Breaking of Bumbo*.

Rising Prosperity in Russia

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

Mr. Barman reported on the Prime Minister's visit to Russia and here gives from Kiev some personal impressions of changes he noticed since he was last in the Soviet Union.

WHAT is absolutely clear is that there has been a substantial increase in living standards since I was in the Soviet Union five years ago. The evidence is overwhelming. In Moscow, there is plenty of white bread in the shops; it was not there in 1954, or rather there was not much of it then, and when I was here in 1947 there was only one place in Russia, I was told, where you could get white bread. That was at the hotel where I stayed together with the three Western delegations to the four-power conference on the German problem. Even the members of the Diplomatic Corps in Moscow, who had been so privileged in the matter of foodstuffs during the war, had to come to our hotel if they wanted white bread.

Another sign of growing prosperity is the amount of building work that has been done here over the past five years. In the early days of post-war reconstruction, the authorities were inclined to pay more attention to public buildings of an extravagant and showy kind than to the housing that was so essential. What I saw in Stalingrad in 1954 made a particularly strong impression upon me. They had built a splendid planetarium for the entertainment and instruction of the workers in the factories, while the workers themselves and their families were crowded together in shanties and sordid tenements. Things are very different now. It is obvious that a high priority has been given to housing. As you drive in from the airport to Kiev—or to Moscow for that matter—you see innumerable blocks of flats springing up in the fields. The workmanship may not be very good, and it is possible that some of the buildings will have declined into slums after ten years or so; but the fact is that for the first time since the October Revolution there is evidence of a fierce determination to overcome the housing shortage, and in this connexion speed of construction is a great deal more important than quality.

Then there is the evidence of more consumer goods; above all, there is the fact that the women are at last finding that the shops do stock the sort of clothes that they really want to buy, and not just some sort of covering to keep the cold out. I noticed this not only in Moscow but also when I went round the collective farm on the outskirts of Kiev that the Prime Minister and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd visited. The women and children were not smart, but they did look neat and warm. It would be easy to describe what I saw on the farm in highly critical terms: the terrible roads, the thick mud that seeped over the edge of people's shoes, the frowsty farm cottages; and all that in what is the richest part of the Soviet Union's extensive farm country. But Kiev and the Ukraine are

not at their best at this time of the year, when the trees are naked, when the melting snow has turned country roads into an oozy kind of black custard, and when all the farmyard animals are still sheltering indoors.

There is a point I want to make about the things I saw in the shops here in Kiev. There were plastic goods from East Germany, such things as suitcases and handbags; and optical instruments and cameras from Czechoslovakia, and also, I suppose, from East Germany; and toys and games and sporting goods, and expensive-looking tins of fruit which looked to me as if they came from Bulgaria. So the economic integration of Eastern Europe with the Soviet Union is now producing results that are evident to the ordinary housewife.

The Kiev that I saw five years ago is almost unrecognizable. There is no sign now of the damage that the Germans did. There has also been considerable expansion. What has not changed is people's faith in their town and their affection for it; for Kiev is, so to speak, the birthplace of Russian history: 1,000 years ago it was one of the largest towns in Europe, whose fortunes rested on the fact that it was a great trading centre that linked the Viking traders from Sweden with the rich markets of Constantinople and the Near East. Over and over again it has suffered fearful devastation at the hands of foreign invaders; so in Kiev the word 'peace' has an immediate and concrete significance that it does not always have in other and more fortunate countries. Thus Mr. Macmillan's appeal for peace through negotiation has perhaps a deeper emotional appeal in Kiev than in any other town in the world.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

'THE LISTENER'

next week will be a

SPRING BOOK NUMBER

The reviewers will include:

Vincent Brome, E. M. Forster, Roger Fulford, Geoffrey Gorer, R. W. Ketton-Cremer, Dom David Knowles, Philip Mason, Sir Steven Runciman, and the Rt. Hon. Kenneth Younger

This number will contain 56 pages and will be published at the usual price of sixpence

The Listener

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The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

Cambridge Concerns

LAST week there was a lively discussion during an unusual meeting at the Senate in Cambridge on whether Latin should continue to be a compulsory subject for university entrants. That is not the only subject that is exercising the minds of thoughtful people there. A project has been under consideration for introducing a new Tripos to be called either Modern Studies or Social Studies which might be somewhat along the line of the 'Modern Greats' course at Oxford. Again, some people have been questioning the timing of the university examinations. It has been suggested that they might come at some other time than in every summer term; for an important examination taking place then tends to interfere with extra-curricular activities or games. All these are deep matters on which it is difficult for an outsider to comment. A problem of wider importance is discussed in our pages this week. Dr. Nicolas Malleson draws attention to the fact that about 15 per cent. of the young men and women who attend universities to read for undergraduate degrees fail. He inclines to lay the blame upon the universities but he goes on to point out that 'nowadays in British universities the teaching staff on the whole recognizes that it must do more than deliver lectures'.

One wonders whether in fact this may not be the central problem. At the ancient universities the Fellow of a College, as a rule, is expected not merely to lecture, to tutor and to play his part in examining, but to take his turn as a college administrator, a university officer or administrator, a father confessor to his students, and also to produce and direct worth-while research. All this is quite apart from his own extra-curricular activities, such as journalism and appearing in the Third Programme. Unlike so many American scholars, he is not given as of right a sabbatical year to pursue his researches or to write, although the colleges try to be as liberal-minded as their resources permit. Thus a great burden is placed upon the conscientious don: he is not ineffectual, but he can easily be overworked.

What is the answer? It is the future even more than the present that matters. It may well be, though many people are reluctant to accept the idea, that the solution is to turn Oxford and Cambridge into graduate institutions, primarily devoted to research. Already some colleges—Nuffield, for example—embody this ideal. At present Oxford and Cambridge retain the advantage over all other universities in being able to attract the cream of the students from the schools, and it probably costs more than the £500 a year, suggested by Dr. Malleson, to keep a student there (apart from his expenses during the long vacations). Thus the ancient universities are still in a position to furnish many of the ruling class and thereby create a sense of jealousy and dissatisfaction elsewhere. In the United States it is increasingly recognized that universities like Harvard, Yale, and Chicago are becoming largely graduate institutions to which the ablest students from other universities come to carry out research or take higher degrees. If this procedure were to apply in Oxford and Cambridge, problems like compulsory Latin would fall by the wayside.

What They Are Saying

The Prime Minister in Russia

This article is based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service. Contributors of articles in this series will be changed from time to time.

MR. MACMILLAN'S journey to Russia and his talks with the Soviet leaders have been extensively commented on by the broadcasting stations of the world. There has also been a good deal of speculation on what the next moves of the Great Powers will be in relation to the problems of Berlin and of Germany as a whole.

German sources quoted an article from the Swiss newspaper, *Journal de Genève*, which said:

The only thing which the beaten Macmillan will bring back with him from his journey to Moscow is the certainty that the Soviet Government will not renounce the policy which it defined in its Note of November 27 concerning the change in the status of Berlin. The Soviet will sign a separate peace treaty with the German Democratic Republic. They will hardly try to drive the Western troops out of Berlin by force, but they will leave them alone with the Pankow [East German] authorities. The fate of Berlin will depend on these authorities. If, insisting on the fact that the German Democratic Republic had become an independent state, they no longer wish to let allied military trains pass through their territory, a very critical situation may arise.

The French newspaper *Figaro* was quoted by Paris Radio for the following comment:

However much he may deny it, Mr. Macmillan's exploratory trip was born of a sentiment hardly favourable to European solidarity. He seemed rather anxious to show that after all Great Britain is capable of acting alone on her own initiative, and deriving at least some moral profit, for which the British electorate would no doubt show their gratitude to his Government and party at the next elections. But was it not rash to suppose that Mr. Khrushchev would willingly play the game of the Conservatives to the detriment of Labour? Be that as it may, the British Prime Minister's smiling amiability all went to waste.

Radio Australia broadcast an article in the *Melbourne Age* which took a less pessimistic view of the outcome of Mr. Macmillan's visit to Russia. This is what *Age* wrote:

... Some people seem to think the mission has been a failure because there has been no evidence of firm achievements in the field of negotiations. But Mr. Macmillan warned in advance that this was not his purpose, nor could it have been. There has been no failure, therefore. On the contrary, by and large he has achieved what he set out to do. He certainly knows the Russian mind better than he did, and in spite of some sticky moments he seems to have established a cordial atmosphere. He has made his reconnaissance and has stated in general terms the attitude of the West. He has shown that the West is united and that, conscious of its power, its morale is high. This is not failure. On the contrary, it may yet prove to have been a signal service to the Western Powers and to the cause of peace.

Radio Australia also broadcast the views of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, which saw a faint possibility of a diplomatic compromise on Germany, based on concessions by both the Communist and non-Communist Great Powers.

There has been little comment so far from Moscow or other Communist broadcasting stations on Mr. Macmillan's talks with Mr. Khrushchev, though newspaper opinion from Britain and other Western countries has been extensively quoted by Communist broadcasters. On the second day of the Prime Minister's visit, however, Moscow radio home service took up what it called the 'unconstructive' attitude of Washington and Bonn towards Russia's plan for Germany. The commentator said:

How can one explain the feverish quest for arguments, however ludicrous, against the Soviet proposals for a peace treaty with Germany and on the Berlin question? Replying to this question, many Western observers hint at one particular date, namely 1961. By that time, they explain, Washington and Bonn intend to complete the transformation of West Germany into a huge launching site for atomic rockets. Hence, more and more new tricks on the part of diplomats who seek to smother the Soviet initiative in an impasse of futile arguments. Such an explanation looks very much like the truth.

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

A CONNOISSEUR OF OLD BOOKS

'GOOD HEAVENS, what is a connoisseur?' asked JOHN BETJEMAN in 'Generally Speaking'. 'The word makes me think of very expensive antique shops, elegantly matured wines, and a lot of money. I do not visit the first, I rarely taste the second unless they are offered to me by a generous host, and I do not possess a lot of the third. I suppose it is the same with most of us. But there is no doubt that one of the great pleasures of life is getting to know about a subject which requires more than ordinary knowledge before you can exercise taste in it and then backing one's taste. You do not always have to be rich to do this.

'I have two hobbies in my life: collecting old books and looking at buildings. The former costs more than it used to do and the second is free and can be indulged in all places except deserts, forests, prairies, and mountain heights. I have collected books since I was a small boy. Forty years ago England had far more second-hand bookshops than it has now, and it was possible to pick up bargains. I will never forget my excitement at buying off a barrow in Farringdon Street, in the City of London, a huge folio of lithographs of the Ionian Isles drawn by Edward Lear, the nonsense poet. Two pages in the beginning were slightly stuck together and when I got the volume home I found that one of these contained a long inscription written by Edward Lear in his own hand. I had bought that book for a shilling.

'I like books instinctively, just as some people like horses. I like them for their look, their feel, their smell, the way the type is set out on the page, and above all, for their illustrations. I like their bindings. I like gilt edges, and no wall decoration is more beautiful to me than rows of leather-bound books glowing in candle light. I only mention last the

contents of books. These are of secondary interest to me compared with fineness of production. And I have never liked books from public libraries. I would rather have a book of my own, were it even a paper-back, than twenty copies of fine works only borrowed.

'I am not pretending that the contents of books I collect are of no importance to me. Of course they are; but supposing I found in a second-hand bookshop a book on sea shells—about which I know nothing—with superb coloured plates and printed a century and a half ago, and in the same shop, let us say, a first edition of H. G. Wells, I would buy the sea-shell book. I am not as interested in first editions as I am in books that are beautiful to look at.

'Second-hand bookshops are the places where I have really learnt about literature far more than ever I did at school or at university. If you are a fairly impoverished collector you are driven to specialize in what you can afford. First with me it was eighteenth-century poets printed sparsely on good paper and bound in leather, veneered to look like walnut. The smell of the pages brought back old libraries in country houses where there was never the sound of a motor-car or an aeroplane, where carts creaked over rutty roads and felons clanked in chains from the public gibbets. The long, ponderous lines recalled the times when all educated men knew Latin and Greek, and when squires laid out their parks in unending vistas of beech trees and turned little streams

into the semblance of mighty rivers.

'Then I used to buy those books of coloured aquatints of Regency times before that style became so fashionable. The coloured plates have the softness of bright autumn light in the evening. The cream-coloured stucco houses adorn the hills. Green parkland stretches away to blue trees in the distance, and yellow gravel and flower beds adorn the foreground.

'Later I turned my eye to the wonderful wood-engraved books of the mid-Victorian age—presentation volumes bound in cloth and stamped with gold devices and meant to lie on the drawing-room table, while ladies did their embroidery. The poetry was not often very good but the engravings were full of more poetry than the text.

'I think it was my delight in these books, particularly in their illustrations and the details showing the social life of the times—things like the periwigged gentlemen in the panelled drawing-rooms of the eighteenth century, engraved in copper on pale brown paper, or outdoor picnics in the coloured shrubberies of an aquatint, smock-froked peasants in the wood engravings of a Victorian poetry book that gave me an additional interest to my other hobby: looking at buildings. From looking at the pictures in books of the past I could see into the life of



'There by a clustering eglantine, we sat at ease': illustration to 'The Letter L' in a book of poems by Jean Ingelow, published in 1867



One of Edward Lear's lithographs of the Ionian Isles: 'Town and Harbour of Caio, Paxo'

the past, so that Georgian and Victorian buildings and even the swagger hotels of the beginning of this century became peopled in my imagination with the persons for whom they were designed'.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD

'First of all, don't call us tramps', said GERALD DEAN in 'Woman's Hour'. 'We are "knights of the road", although of course the authorities do not call us that. They call us casuals; and they provide shelters called casual wards—"spikes" to us. We come from all walks of life: maybe through broken homes, crossed in love; anything.

'When we go to a spike we are first asked our name, where we come from, and where we are going to, and then we are searched. Then we are given tea, two slices of "marge", a mug of "shell-shock"—that is what we call cocoa. Next, we are examined for fleas; if any are found our clothes are baked. In the evening we read or play "dossers' bridge", something like whist. Then we get a bath, and so to bed.

'Next morning at 6.30 we rise. Breakfast is two slices of "marge", a mug of tea. Then we are allotted jobs, such as working in the kitchen, chopping wood, laundry, scrubbing, and so on. Dinner usually consists of corned beef, haricot beans, bread, and two ounces of cheese. Then we are off again, fortified with eight ounces of "rooty"—that is bread—and two ounces of "bunghole"—that is cheese. Nice, isn't it?

'If we should ask you for some tea to drink we might want to carry it away. If so, we like the tea put into our "drum", tin-can. Paper bags? We never carry them. We have a sack slung over our shoulder, which we call a "peter". If a man carrying a paper bag comes to your door, he must be a "kip-house wallah", living in a lodging house. If he bullies you a little he might have had a drop of "the blue"—methylated spirit—to give him the guts to ask. We do work sometimes: potato picking, or planting, fruit picking, that produces plenty of back-ache. You get low wages and sleep in barns. The farmers love us, we work hard when we are at it.

'It is potty to say all of us slouch along in old "daisy roots"—boots. In pictures we are shown scruffy; people believe this, but we have our pride. I always shave, for instance. We are not out to lower the dignity of the human race. We are certainly not lonely, and need no pity. If giving a little tea is done out of pity, then do not give the tea. We get food from regular shops, too. We usually end up with meat pieces, bacon scraps, potatoes, cakes. All except cakes go into the "shackle-pot" (large tin). While that is cooking, we roll a couple of "hard-ups" to smoke. Hard-ups are made of tobacco we collect from cigarette ends. After a feed, we put out the fire and go on our way.

'Spikes used to be sixteen to twenty miles apart, but now they are farther. Many have been closed. So we often eat and sleep in the open. It is better in the summer, of course. Some of us spend winter in London, where it was possible at one time to get four meals a day without money, at soup kitchens and the like.

'Why do we take to the road? I suppose the main reasons are for freedom, beautiful scenery, wanderlust, and meeting nice people. All these things are ours. We wake up in the morning and say: "I think I'll go to the coast today", and off we go. Lovely, isn't it? Try it sometime. But make sure you have the most important parts of your kit; a "shackle-pot" for your food, a "drum" for your tea, and a "peter". And you will need two good "plates of meat"—feet. In the meantime, remember there is more pleasure in giving than in receiving'.

FLOWERS AND MOTHS IN THE PENNINES

'I am very fond of the lesser-known gullies and crags of the Lake District', said CANON G. A. K. HERVEY in 'The Naturalist'. 'Thousands of visitors tramp along the summit ridge of Helvellyn during the summer and probably not half a dozen of them are aware of the magnificent coombes just below them

along the eastern face: or of the ghylls at the head of Langdale and Wasdale—Hell Ghyll, Crinkle Ghyll, Greta Ghyll, to name a few of the finest. Yet it is here, and among the crags of Pillar Mountain, that most of our true alpine flowers are to be found. We cannot boast the profusion of Ben Lawers, but our own crags, too, are a blaze of colour in the summer. There is moss-campion and festoons of purple saxifrage, and I have seen its own special gully pink from top to bottom with the rare alpine campion.

'Then, too, wherever there are specialized plants there are likely to be special butterflies and moths. This is partly due to the same set of climatic conditions and partly because the insects are dependent upon the plant. Some years ago, when I was searching among the crags on the Causey Pike ridge, I was lucky enough to find two specimens of a moth, only about the size of a clothes-moth, but one which had never been recorded in England before, although it is common on the mountains of

Scandinavia. I would not expect a casual visitor to notice these little moths, but there are some spectacular mountain butterflies. On a June day when the sun is shining—and sunshine is essential—the Small Mountain Ringlet can be seen in abundance in certain restricted areas at about the 2,000-foot contour line, fluttering lazily over the coarse grass. The moment the sun goes in they disappear as if by magic'.

HOW TO RAISE A GENIUS

'Infant geniuses are usually not the eccentric bookworms with pebbled glasses and bulging foreheads who do not fit in with anyone', said GERALD PRIESTLAND in 'Today'. 'On the contrary, according to a booklet issued by the United States Department of Health and Education, they

are usually healthy, happy, and sociable. So how do you tell the young egg-head from the young bone-head?

'Intelligence tests are not enough: they cannot measure a child's inventiveness, originality, or drive. This is what you should look for. Again, contrary to the old wives' tale, children who may be talented along academic lines usually talk early. They remember details well and can keep their minds on one subject longer than most. They ask penetrating questions, which you should always try to answer if you can. And they are liable to be interested in museums and exhibitions: they also enjoy reading atlases, encyclopedias, and dictionaries.

'Having identified your genius, what do you do about him? The important thing all along is to give him opportunities: let him choose, do not choose for him. See that he has plenty of material to work on—paint, paper, tools, whatever it may be. See that he has a room, or at least a corner, of his own. Introduce him to a good second-hand book shop; let him meet interesting, creative people and visit interesting places.

'It used to be thought that praise was bad for a child, but now, according to the United States Department of Education, every child needs it. The booklet says that very few gifted children are intellectual snobs; they are usually much more critical of themselves than the others are. Then what about schooling? The booklet admits that all too often brilliant children fail to fulfil their early promise. Why? Some are neglected by parents who distrust cleverness, others are disappointed by the American grade system which promotes by age: the class works at the speed of the dullest and the clever ones get bored. The Department of Education urges their parents to organize in groups and put pressure on the schools to make special arrangements. So it all comes back to the parents in the end.

'Few of us have all of the qualities that it takes to be the ideal parent of a gifted child. Maybe you cannot match his brightness with yours. Well, never mind. The booklet says there are other things you can do for him, and one of them baffles me completely. It says: "pancakes for breakfast". I told my wife about this and she said that even if our two-year-old does like dictionaries she is not getting up at half-past six every day to fry him pancakes. So he will just have to stay like the rest of us'.



Sympathy and Imagination

D. D. RAPHAEL on Adam Smith's theory of conscience

ALL the world knows that Adam Smith is the father of modern economics. He was also a moralist. His theory of ethics, the theory (as he called it) of moral sentiments, is an interesting one and it has a particular interest today. For one thing, his emphasis on sympathy and imagination is being echoed in the work of some moral philosophers of the present time. Modern ethical theory has seen a reaction against the notion of intuiting absolute values, and although the discussion has proceeded mainly in terms of logic it implies a reliance on psychology as well as logic to give us the explanation of morality.

The purely logical features of ethical terms (for instance, their universal character) apply to all judgments of value and not only to those of morality. Prudential action, like moral action, is described in the language of obligation, as what we 'ought' to do; and from a purely logical point of view, the term 'ought' has the same functions and implications in both uses. Again, aesthetic judgments are as much judgments of value as moral judgments are, and here too the purely logical features of value-terms are found in both. In order to distinguish morality from prudence on the one hand and aesthetics on the other, we must go beyond logic and either accept some metaphysical doctrine or else find the difference in specific psychological features of moral, prudential, and aesthetic judgments.

Some present-day philosophers are not afraid to admit this, and deliberately make the concept of sympathy the foundation of their psychology of morals. And even the most severely logical of modern moral philosophers will drop an emphatic if laconic remark, every now and then, about the necessity to use our imagination when making moral decisions. By this is meant imagining ourselves in other people's shoes. I myself think that sympathy and imagination have to go together for this purpose. To be capable of moral judgment and moral conduct, one has to be able to put oneself in the place of other people and imagine sympathetically how they feel. At any rate, the central idea of Adam Smith's theory combines sympathy with imagination, and I believe we can learn a good deal from it.

It is worth noting that Charles Darwin learned from it in his account of the evolution of the moral capacities. Darwin has little to say in *The Origin of the Species* about the relevance of evolution to ethics. But in *The Descent of Man* he tries to show that the special mental endowments of human beings are no objection to the evolution of man from another form of animal life. He therefore compares the intellectual capacities of man with those of the higher animals, and makes the now familiar case that human intelligence, though greatly superior in degree, is not in principle different from the sort of intelligence that animals can display. Darwin sees that it is not so easy to establish a similar thesis for the moral capacities; and he gives special attention to this question because, he says, he agrees 'that of all the differences between man and the lower animals, the moral sense or conscience is by far the most important'.

Darwin holds the view that conscience has developed from sympathy and similar 'social instincts' (as he calls them). This

view he takes from the work of contemporary psychologists, notably Alexander Bain. But Darwin was well aware that this account of conscience stems from Adam Smith, and he quotes Smith as well as Bain in support of his account. He adapts the theory to his own purposes in the following way.

In the first place, he points out that the social impulses which form the basis of ethics are to be found in animals also. This seems commonplace enough today, if we think of the 'gregarious instinct' or the 'maternal instinct'. But Darwin adds the less obvious suggestion that some animals have reached the stage of feeling a genuine form of sympathy. He gives some interesting examples of animal behaviour which appear to be motivated by this feeling. I am told, however, that modern scientists would not be satisfied with his evidence, because it is largely anecdotal and has not been subjected to controlled experiment.

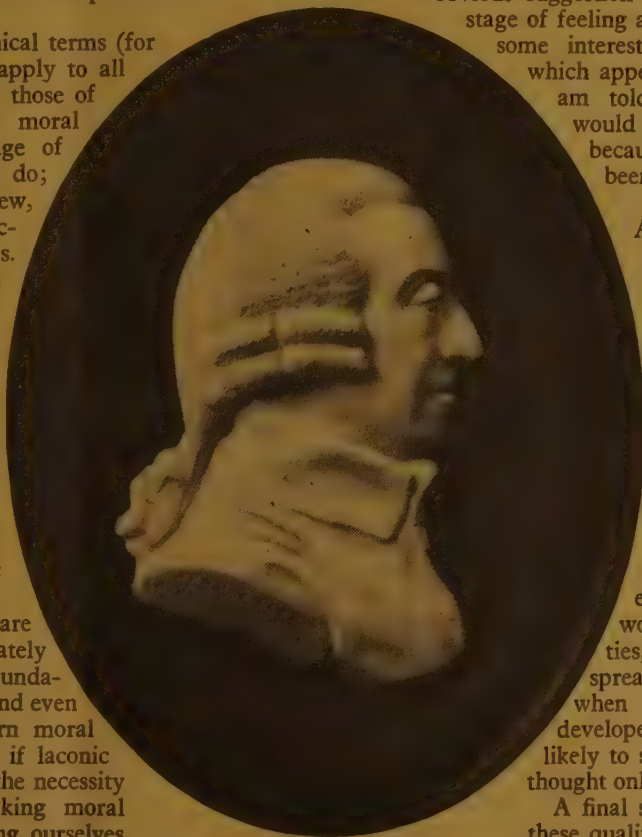
Another thing that Darwin does with Adam Smith's theory is to propose the hypothesis that the 'social instincts' are likely to have been developed by natural selection. A particular individual with strong social sympathies would be less likely to survive than a selfish individual intent on saving his own skin. But, as Hume and Adam Smith had noted, the behaviour of the sympathetic, self-sacrificing individual would be beneficial to the group, and would be praised by his fellows for that reason. The praise of his qualities especially in the education of children, would induce emulation of those qualities, and in this way social feelings would spread. Darwin adds his own contribution when he points out that a group which developed sympathetic traits would be more likely to survive than a group whose members thought only of themselves.

A final suggestion that Darwin makes is that these qualities, which are initially spread by the force of example and education, would then be transmitted by heredity. This is an instance of Darwin's adherence to the Lamarckian thesis that acquired characteristics can be inherited

biologically. Most biologists today think that this thesis is unsound. The entire stress needs to be laid on transmission by psychological and sociological means, such as the force of tradition, which was the kind of thing that Hume and Adam Smith had had in mind.

Modern social scientists do not try to link the evolution of morality with the mechanisms of biological evolution. There is a greater concentration on purely psychological development. The most influential modern account of the evolution of conscience is Freud's theory of the super-ego. This is curiously reminiscent of Adam Smith's account of the development of conscience. I think there is no question of direct influence, but that is perhaps all the more reason for comparing the two accounts as independent theories of the same type. Smith's theory is speculative and not based on detailed individual cases, as Freud's theory is; but it is not necessarily the worse for that. Freud's evidence is solid enough, but it is clinical evidence, drawn from persons suffering from neurosis; and it runs into logical difficulties when it is extended into a general theory of the development of conscience in the normal person as well.

Adam Smith begins his moral theory with what he calls 'the



Adam Smith (1723-1790): a paste medallion of 1787, by James Tassie
National Portrait Gallery

sense of propriety'. He means by this the frame of mind in which we judge that actions and attitudes are right or proper. According to Smith, this frame of mind is one of sympathy with the feelings or motives on which we pass judgment. Suppose I see or hear of someone who is mourning the loss of a friend. I can imagine myself in his position, and I find that I too would feel grief. I find that I would have the same sort of feelings as he has. Adam Smith's view is that when I approve of his feelings as appropriate, my approval is the same thing as observing that I sympathize with them, observing that I would have similar feelings if I were in his place. Then again, to disapprove is to observe that one experiences 'antipathy', that one would feel differently if one were so placed. We can make these observations only by exercising our imagination, by thinking of ourselves in the same situation and considering how we should then feel.

The Impartial Spectator

The experiences of a particular spectator are liable to vary with circumstances. If I am in a careless mood, or preoccupied with some concern of my own, I shall not necessarily sympathize with the grief of one who is mourning. But I know that I should normally sympathize, or that an 'impartial' spectator would do so. Smith therefore says that 'the sense of propriety' is the notion of the sympathy or antipathy that would normally be felt—by an 'impartial' spectator. The impartial spectator sets the standard of propriety. You will see that Smith's theory gives a sociological interpretation of moral judgment. A man who lived alone would not make any moral judgments. Moral standards are set in the first place by the reactions of our fellows by the normal 'impartial' or 'indifferent' spectator.

Having made this point, Smith then proceeds to distinguish between judgments of propriety and judgments of virtue. A virtuous man is not one who just has the feelings of an impartial or indifferent spectator. The virtuous man makes an effort and produces a rather different experience from the one that comes naturally. The feelings of a spectator arising in imagination cannot be as intense as the feelings of a person actually implicated in a practical situation. The person who is so implicated knows that his feelings exceed those of an impartial spectator; and since he naturally finds pleasure and comfort in the sympathy of his fellows, he will often try to tone down his own feelings to approach the level that forms the standard of propriety. If he is in trouble, for instance, he tries to tone down his grief to the 'proper' level, that which an impartial spectator would feel. If he succeeds to an unusual degree, he is then said to exhibit the virtue of self-control. In calling him virtuous, we are expressing our admiration of the effort which can control feelings to such an unusual extent. On the other side, the spectator knows that his sympathetic feelings are bound to be less intense than those of the person he sympathizes with. So he can try to intensify his feelings so as to approach a genuine correspondence with the feelings of the real sufferer. If the spectator succeeds to an unusual degree, we admire him similarly, and call him virtuous, too. He exhibits the virtue of humanity.

Virtue, then, is admired; it excites wonder and astonishment at unusual effort in the control of feelings. Propriety is merely approved of; it represents the feelings that arise naturally and normally.

The sense of merit is different again. If a man acts in such a way that feelings of gratitude are appropriate, we say he is meritorious. And if he acts in such a way that feelings of resentment are appropriate, we say he has demerit. Smith explains that judgments of merit and demerit involve a double dose of sympathy or antipathy. If John Doe helps Richard Roe out of a difficulty, we can imagine ourselves in the shoes of John Doe and approve of his act. But we can also imagine ourselves in the shoes of Richard Roe, and then we find that we sympathize with the feelings of gratitude he is likely to experience. So we say that John Doe's action is meritorious or deserving of gratitude. This means that we think the action is right and proper, and that we also think it proper for the beneficiary to feel gratitude. We feel the double sympathy and express it by the double judgment of propriety.

On the other hand, if John Doe hurts Richard Roe, we feel antipathy towards John Doe, and sympathy with Richard Roe's

resentment. And we express this double feeling by saying that the action has demerit. This means that the action is wrong or improper, and also that it is proper to feel resentment.

We have been given a psychological account of three types of moral judgment: or propriety, virtue, and merit. They all depend on feelings of a spectator. How then are we able to pass moral judgment on ourselves?

This is where Smith's theory of conscience comes in. I observe the reactions of spectators to my conduct, and I find that they express their reactions by calling my behaviour proper or improper, virtuous or vicious, deserving or undeserving. I myself can express such judgments about my own conduct only if I imagine myself in the position of an impartial spectator and express the feelings that he is likely to have. Society is the mirror in which I can look at myself and judge my actions with the eye of an impartial spectator. As Smith himself puts it: 'This is the only looking-glass by which we can . . . with the eyes of other people, scrutinize the propriety of our own conduct . . . When I endeavour to examine my own conduct . . . to approve or condemn it . . . I divide myself, as it were, into the two persons', the spectator and the agent. I take the impartial spectator into my own mind, where he becomes 'the ideal man within the breast', and this is what we call conscience.

One can see how this resembles Freud's theory of the super-ego, which is likewise a second self taken into the mind as a reflection of the approval or censure of others. If Freud's theory is taken to be a general account of the formation of conscience, normal as well as abnormal, it is, I think, less satisfactory in some ways than Adam Smith's account.

For one thing, Freud tends to limit the initial causal agency to the attitudes of one's parents, while Adam Smith speaks of the reactions of society in general. A more important point is that Freud lays the emphasis on attitudes of disapproval, and consequent fear of punishment; so that his picture of the super-ego is predominantly one of a restrictive or censorious element in the mind. The result is that the super-ego, or 'conscience', in this theory, looks a rather undesirable sort of thing. One is given the impression that a rational man, who has seen the super-ego for what it is, will not and should not be subjected to its dominance. But then one wants to ask how we can judge that the repressive super-ego is on the whole a bad thing. When we do that, we are making a further moral judgment about the super-ego itself. Is this further moral judgment the expression of a super-super-ego, or of something that is not super-ego at all? In short, Freud's theory seems to presuppose a rational conscience superior to the irrational and largely undesirable 'conscience' of the super-ego. His account is undoubtedly helpful in explaining the excessively rigid conscience that a repressive upbringing may produce. But it seems to lose sight of the kind of conscience which is produced by a more affectionate upbringing, and which is needed to pass an adverse judgment on repressive upbringing and its effects.

Adam Smith does not stress the force of fear in the development of conscience. He speaks of both favourable and unfavourable attitudes on the part of society as having their place in the formation of conscience; but he talks more of sympathy or approval than of antipathy or disapproval, and so we get the impression that conscience is on the whole a good thing, 'the ideal man within the breast', a better 'self'.

Standards of Value and Social Utility

One may ask what reason there is to suppose that the reactions of society are on the whole good rather than bad. I do not know that Smith has a particularly satisfactory answer to that. He would, I think, say there is a close connexion between standards of value and social utility. On the other hand, he does at times talk of conscience, 'the man within the breast', as being superior to the judgment of 'the man without', of society at large. And in the end he comes to speak of morality in theological terms. I do not myself see that he ties up these remarks with his initial approach to morality by way of social psychology. Still, the fact remains that if we are to make value judgments on which we ourselves rely, for instance the value judgment that a repressive super-ego is a bad thing, we are presupposing that our own conscience, in making the judgment, is *not* a bad thing.

—Third Programme

Béla Bartók, the Solitary Composer

By YEHUDI MENUHIN

BÉLA BARTÓK was a solitary man, and one wonders perhaps at first why it should have been so, considering that there were so many things he loved, and there were many who loved him. Perhaps it is that he loved too deeply, too well, and set too high a standard for those things and those people to whom he would give himself. He was a great patriot, he loved his soil, he loved his Hungary. I was very touched when I was last in Budapest, a few months ago, and saw a collection of his early manuscripts. One of the earliest was written when he was a boy of twelve and still showed a very childish hand. It described the flow of the Danube, and the Danube was very sad indeed as long as it was still in Austria; then, when it crossed the border, it became gay and it remained happy until it flowed out of Hungary, when again it was a mournful dirge.

Bartók continued to have this tremendous passionate attachment to his own soil, and therefore his feeling of love was of a different nature from what so many of us are allowed to feel today when we hardly know what the smell of the earth is like, and the sounds which come from the farmyard; and what the folk songs and melodies and dances which come from the people and their innate traditions are like. He knew all of these, and he was fed on them. He grew up embedded almost as a tree in this soil, and he had his ear and eye and all his senses trained to an acute perception of the smallest phenomenon of nature, almost like the Red Indians. He knew what the footsteps and the paths in the woods betrayed. He knew how to read and understand an animal's cry; and the people whom he loved were the people who understood and felt the same things. No wonder, then, that he was so solitary when he found himself in one of the most populous cities in the world—New York, where I first met him.

I already knew Bartók before this, for I had been studying two of his works, the big sonata for piano and violin and the concerto, and was performing them that season. I was anxious to meet him, of course, mainly to play the sonata for him, so as to get the composer's own advice and instructions. It was then that I found him, meticulously precise on the dot of our appointment, seated in a chair, a pencil in hand, waiting for the performance. There were no words; he was not one to waste a single breath. One knew behind the façade what intensity there lay, but outwardly there was hardly a trace of emotion. His skin was already very much a parchment; only his eyes shone with an incredible piercing penetration.

As there was nothing to do but to play, I fumbled about with the violin and began playing with the pianist who accompanied me at the time—Mr. Adolph Baller—and he was impressed; and it is through the music that we met, because he was already aware that we were not strangers. I think through the composer's creations one knows more of his inner mind, his inner heart, than

ever he himself might betray in his words or actions. It is revealing, and it can be instructive to everyone who wishes to share this impression of Bartók, to read a book* by Agatha Fasset who spent a good deal of time with Bartók during those difficult years in America, and who remembered verbatim many conversations. We can almost hear his own voice expressing himself.

He was filled with nostalgia, with a homesickness which was almost unbearable and which he could not share with anyone. He was thinking of his own country and the years he had passed there, and of the studies he had made, and many melodies

must have been running through his head. It was they who kept him company, and from them that he found his inspiration again.

He was not a man to waste time; even bereft of inspiration he was working away for two reasons: one, that he had to produce, and the other that he knew by that time that his days were numbered. When his creative activity was at an ebb, it gave way to a scholarly activity. He was incredibly industrious and had a meticulousness and organization about his work which was unbelievable: no scientist could be more remarkably organized than Bartók was. He continued his studies and his classifications of folk lore material during the first years in the United States, when he

did not compose; often he sat in his room surrounded by hundreds and hundreds of little bits of paper, on each a theme, working away at the slightest differences and at the order in which they should appear in the book and the catalogue he was making.

His material needs were very modest. Engaged as he was with what went on in his mind and heart, he required only a flat table and a bed, as small a room as possible, and above all absolute quiet. That has become the most precious and rare attribute of our urban life; particularly in New York it is almost unobtainable. It is extraordinary that we can produce so many things but we can hardly produce quiet, the necessary background for a composer such as Bartók. When he had these, everything else went on inside him. All the noise, the intensity, the fierceness, were inside him, rather than, as with us, round about.

Sometimes Bartók's dynamic force and his great Hungarian pride got the better of him and it exploded in a violence which is almost inconceivable in music. But there was another Bartók, a man of vision and dreams who shared the images of his people. This other mood was a gift which few other composers today have shared; it enabled him to dream his way through a melody, to spin out a song in his own particular idiom, which is a contemporary one—not the entirely abstract 12-tone system, and yet not exactly the tonal tonic dominant which we have known for the last few hundred years either. There is, I believe, no other composer of our century who can spin out a series of tones that float, as it were, and that carry us on in a timeless sequence—a melody in the real sense of the term—as Bartók could.

—'Monitor', Television Service



Yehudi Menuhin playing music by Béla Bartók in the B.B.C. television programme 'Monitor' on February 15. On the left is a portrait of the composer

* *The Naked Face of Genius*, by Agatha Fasset (Gollancz, 21s.)

Microbes to the Moon

By KENNETH BISSET

ONE of the main objects in actually landing on and visiting the Moon or other planets is obviously to find out what they are like; and nothing would be more fascinating to most of us than to find some sort of living organisms there already. I am not talking about green monsters or giant insects or creatures resembling men and women, complete with sex-appeal, because these are really rather unlikely; if we do find life in other parts of the solar system, it is much more probable that it will consist of lowly creatures like bacteria, fungi, algae, and so on; all small and mostly microscopic.

International Agreement to Sterilize

However, there is a grave danger that if and when earthmen do succeed in landing on the Moon, they may be unable to determine whether such creatures (if they find them there) were there in the first place, or whether they had been transported accidentally on a rocket from the Earth. Bacteria—microbes, if you like—are the most probable candidates for such a role. Under normal conditions, everything on the Earth is covered with bacteria, derived from the soil, dust, water, and air; and there is no doubt at all that this applies to rockets just as much as to anything else. Rocket-scientists are not unaware of this, and there is an international agreement in force that seeks to ensure that any projectile landing on the Moon or on another planet should be properly sterilized, so as to avoid contamination from the Earth.

I am glad nobody has asked me to try to devise means for sterilizing anything as large, as delicate, and as complicated as a space-rocket, and for keeping it sterile while it is set up and fired; because I do not think it is really possible to do so. Even if the operators scrubbed the launching pad with disinfectant and went round in sterile clothes with gauze masks, there is still a remarkably good chance of the rocket picking up bacteria in the course of its passage through the dust-laden atmosphere.

Once under way, the microbes would have a good deal to contend with in the way of heat, cold, and radiation, but this is exactly where bacteria are so much better equipped than most creatures to deal with the problem. Many of them produce tiny spores that are well able to withstand extreme conditions that would kill any other living things rapidly. These spores are very tiny indeed, even by comparison with the tiny bacteria that produce them: they measure about one-forty-thousandth of an inch in diameter, and they appear to owe their resistance, at least partly, to being slightly dehydrated by comparison with ordinary cells, so that if they are kept dry they can survive temperatures several degrees above boiling point for a long time. They are also correspondingly more resistant than other cells to poisonous chemicals, and might well have been designed by a far-seeing providence precisely for the job of travelling on a space-rocket.

Making a Living

You may well wonder whether, having once got to the Moon, any living creature from the Earth is really likely to be able to make a living there, in the absence of anything that we would normally be prepared to regard as a food supply. The answer to this is not a simple one; or, at least, the simple answer is: 'Probably not'. But there is a chance, nevertheless, that certain types of bacteria might be able to succeed in colonizing some favoured areas of the Moon, if once they managed to get there. These are known as chemosynthetic autotrophs; in other words, bacteria that obtain their energy by oxidizing, that is burning, not glucose or similar sugars, as most cells do, but inorganic chemicals such as simple compounds of iron, nitrogen, and sulphur.

Although most people are unaware of their existence, these bacteria, on earth, are far from obscure or unobtrusive. The

salt-pans and sea-lakes along the shores of Sicily and north Africa are coloured bright purple by purple sulphur bacteria, and the air over them is thick with the sulphurous gases they produce: some people think that the famous Mountain of Iron in Sweden is composed mainly of iron-oxides laid down long ago by iron-bacteria; and there is no doubt that the activities of nitrogen-bacteria add much to the fertility of our soil.

Thus, if suitable compounds of iron, sulphur, or nitrogen exist on the Moon, or on any planet that is neither red-hot nor perpetually frozen solid, there are terrestrial microbes that might be capable of using them to supply their energy requirements. It is only fair to add that it is not certain that all chemosynthetic bacteria are capable of supplying all their main energy requirements in this way; but it is probable that some of them do so, and that some of them (like the purple sulphur bacteria already mentioned) can also utilize sunlight as a source of energy, in the same way as green plants do.

An additional complication is the question of nutrition, by which I am implying the supply of substances more complex than these inorganic compounds, not as sources of energy, but for the purpose of building up the body-materials of the bacteria. Unquestionably most bacteria, even of this sort, need a supply of such things in order to grow; but, once more, there is a distinct possibility that the Moon might be able to supply them. Apart from the existence of organic matter in interstellar dust, in which some authorities believe, there are at least two possible sources of organic nutrient materials on the Moon: the availability of one of these depends upon the origin of the Moon, and of the other upon the existence of the sort of favoured sites upon it to which I have already referred. Both are exceedingly problematical, and neither might be operative: on the other hand, both might.

The Moon as an Early 'Carrier'?

In the first case, if the Moon became detached from the Earth at an astronomically late date, as some astronomers think it did, it might well have carried with it some of the primitive organic matter, or even living material, which must have been formed on Earth, long before anything existed that could have left recognizable fossil remains. The desiccated remnants of such material, tucked into concealed corners, could well exist to the present time in a form available for the nutrition of bacteria. The very absence of free oxygen on the Moon would serve to protect it from oxidation, the usual fate of stray organic matter on the Earth.

So much for preserved foodstuffs. Any fresh supplies would have to depend upon the existence on the Moon of conditions favourable to their continued manufacture. On Earth, these conditions must almost certainly have been connected with the existence of an atmosphere containing, at least, nitrogen, carbon-dioxide, and water vapour; probably most of the oxygen was produced subsequently by the activity of plant life. Much theory and some practical experiment have gone to prove that organic compounds, some of them complex, can be produced by the action of solar radiation on such an atmosphere. On the Moon, there is no detectable atmosphere at all: the gravitational attraction of so small a body is believed to be insufficient to enable it to retain free gas on its surface. But this does not mean that there cannot be any gas on the Moon. Almost certainly there will be gases dissolved or trapped in the rocks that compose it, and these must slowly escape to the exterior. Some people believe that the activity in a lunar crater, recently reported by Russian astronomers, was such a gas-escape on a larger scale.

Thus, in some favoured places, nitrogen, carbon-dioxide, and, most critical of all, water vapour, may well seep through fissures in the Moon's surface. Here the same processes as once initiated the production of the Earth's first organic matter could perform the same service for the Moon, and could serve also to produce

conditions capable of supporting the life of such earthly creatures as chemosynthetic autotrophic bacteria. And here one might expect to find such life as exists already upon the Moon, if anything does.

Presumably these hypothetical living systems could be active only for the periods of lunar dawn and twilight, when the Sun has had time to thaw out the surface, frozen by its long night to temperatures far below anything we experience on Earth, and before it has had time to heat it almost to boiling point; and, again, when it has cooled and not yet frozen solid. But the Moon's day, like its year, is a month long, and perhaps for a time representing a few days in each earthly fortnight, bacteria might have an active life. For the remainder they could only, at best, survive in the form of spores or resistant resting stages. Living creatures will adopt this sort of opportunist existence if the chance arises. Also, some bacteria can not only survive great heat, but can even adapt themselves to temperatures well on the way to boiling point, while some prefer cold, almost down to freezing-point.

It can well be imagined that enormous excitement would be created by the discovery of anything of this sort on the Moon. How disappointing if it were already contaminated with bacteria from the Earth that had colonized the Moon in the period—surely not less than several years—between the first successful rocket-missiles striking it and the first landing by living men.

So far as the planets are concerned the problem is similar, if more remote. Most of us are aware that the existence of some sort of life on Mars is considered to be possible or even probable, and so far as Venus is concerned it is not beyond the bounds of reason. Venus is hot, but its surface is covered, and supposedly also protected, by thick clouds. If bacteria arrive on either of them, who knows what effect they might have? Some people are concerned—or profess to be—about the possibility of reverse traffic; the arrival on the Earth of dangerous micro-organisms from other parts of the solar system. I suppose it might happen, but whether life exists or not on the Moon and planets it is certainly much less highly developed than on Earth, and in a straight contest on the home ground I would put my money on our team every time. I should be a good deal more worried if people were capable of sending space-ships to planets in other solar systems or even galaxies. Somewhere among the many millions of candidates there may well be one which has the edge on us. But it is comforting to know that, even if they start tomorrow, we shall all be dead of old age long before anything can get back to the Earth. Even the extra-galactic bacteria would have to survive a long time, by anyone's standards, if they are going to make the trip. The real danger is that we may lose, by carelessness, or by putting national prestige above all other considerations, that most precious of all assets, information.

—Network Three

The Ring: a Link in a Chain

A short story by DONALD WINDHAM

THE boy who lived next door was named Wade. He had a printing set which consisted of a metal box containing a set of rubber letters and a grooved wooden block for setting the letters in. In the top of the box there was a pad for inking the letters. The wooden block was not large and only six lines of type could be set at a time, but this was sufficient for the business which Wade and I were planning. At the five and ten cents store we bought a pack of plain white cards the size of calling cards. Then we went about the neighbourhood taking orders for names to be printed on them, business or personal.

The sample we prepared was neat. We were earnest in our efforts to obtain orders, marching together from the Gulf Filling Station to the Wise Dry-cleaning Shop, from the florist to the King Hardware. Our prices were modest, only twice what the plain cards had cost; and, as it was a friendly neighbourhood, we received several orders. We returned to Wade's house and set to work. It was Wade's printing set and he had advanced the money for the cards. I did the printing. When I made a mistake Wade became nervous and wanted to take over. But as soon as the next card was printed his anxiety was gone. When the work was finished, he and I looked at it proudly and set out to deliver the orders.

* * *

We were both under ten years old. We had lived next door to each other as long as I could remember, and our families were acquainted in the way families are who have nearness in common and little else. At the time the two houses had been built both our families had been well off. But in our lifetimes Wade's family had become wealthier and mine poorer. The difference was apparent in the states of the two buildings. Wade's house was well repaired, with a front lawn kept green and trim by a yardman. Ours had darkened beyond its original colour, was in need of repairs, and faced the street from behind an uneven and dusty expanse in which the dandelions outnumbered the tufts of grass. Even where there was grass it was a different colour from that in Wade's yard. The verdure tended by the yardman was bright green, while the other was dull and dark, the colour of the weathered house behind it.

The presents which Wade received on his birthday were a cross-

section of the new games and toys which were in the stores. There were so many in the sewing room upstairs where they were stored, and on the sleeping porch where we played when we were in his house, that no toy could hold attention for long. The accurately detailed fire engine would be abandoned in the middle of a trip for the cork-shooting popgun. The gun and its gallery of tropical birds, with long tails which popped over backwards when their heads were hit, so that the bright colours of their fronts disappeared into the pale wood of their backs, would be abandoned in the middle of someone's turn for the erector set. And the erector set would be abandoned for the tinker toys.

I was given presents on my birthday, but they were different. The one I valued most was a gold signet ring which had been my mother's when she was a girl. The ring was an adult's possession, not a child's. It was made of eighteen carat gold and was a present to be kept always, not played with for a season and then thrown away. It was large for my ring finger; I wore it on the index finger of my right hand. Even there it was loose enough to turn easily and it could be slipped off without effort. My mother was afraid that I might lose it. But I was too proud of the ring to let it slip off unawares.

I wore the ring when we went to deliver the cards. Ink had gotten on it, along with everything else, while we were printing. I had taken it off and cleaned it with my handkerchief when I washed my hands and had put it back on. The blue stains on my fingers remained, only a little lighter than they had been before they were washed. But the ring was spotless. The cards also, except for one or two on which there were fingerprints, were unsoiled. Wade wrapped them in folded pieces of fancy paper which he found in the trash basket in his mother's bedroom. Then we left the sleeping porch and its toys and proceeded down the stairs, out of the house, and along the walk which divided the perfectly kept lawn.

* * *

The total profit, which Wade carried when we had collected for our orders and started back home, was sixty cents. As we neared his house he became thoughtful. There was nothing in the entire printing process which he could not have done by himself if he had wanted to. And all the investment had been his. At the front steps he said that he had to go upstairs. I suggested

that we should divide the money first. The money was not to be divided, Wade replied. The printing set and the ink and the cards had been his. And so was the profit.

He went inside. I faced toward home, and by the time I had gone through the hedge which separated the two driveways my eyes were filled with tears. The thirty cents which I had been planning to spend did not exist. But it was not the loss of the money, it was the total surprise with which the loss had come which made the lump rise in my throat, tighten the muscles of my face, and come out in salt tears. I had not imagined the thoughts which were in Wade's mind as we were returning home. His betrayal was as unexpected as a slap in the face.

My mother discovered my tears and I told her what had happened. She telephoned next door. But when Wade's mother learned what had happened she sided with her son. She was glad, she said, for me to come over and play with Wade, but she did not see that this entitled me to half the profits from what Wade did. That was not the way matters were arranged in life. And that was not the way they should be arranged with children, either.

* * *

My mother told me to forget what Wade had done; she would give me some money, a dime, when she had it; and she sent me out into the back yard to play. There, sitting in the shade of an oak tree between the house and the woodpile, I amused myself by pushing a stick through the dust and pretending that it was a train going from city to city. My mother looked out once or twice to make sure I was there. Then she had other things to do. Toward four o'clock, tired of playing, I walked to the back end of the property which extended all the way from one street to another.

During my play I had forgotten what had happened. Pretence had completely absorbed me. But my mind came back to it as I walked. The unacceptable thing was that Wade cared more for the money than for me. Neither my mother, nor Wade's, seemed to understand that. I did not wholly understand it myself. Wade had been happy while we were doing the work and going to deliver the cards. So had I. And then suddenly I had been turned away as though I were an intruder who was trying to take something which was not his own.

I could not accept it. I would never have acted toward Wade in the same manner, and my mind came up against a blank wall when it tried to grasp that this was the way people acted toward one another. Adults condemned when anyone fought or stole, and comforted the victim. This was worse, and I could not believe that they understood how I had been hurt or they would not treat the event so lightly. Their misunderstanding doubled my pain, and I longed to be able to do something to make others understand and to relieve my isolation.

At the back of the yard a board was missing in the fence. Through the opening you could see and talk to a person in the next yard. When I reached the open space Wade was on the other side bouncing a volley ball against the brick wall of the garage at the back of his family's house. He bounced it for a while, pretending not to know that I was watching him. Then he turned to the opening and challenged:

'You can't come into my yard, but I can go into yours if I want to'.

When this received no reply, he added:

'Only poor children who have no family pride print cards for money'.

'Then how come you did it?'

'It was your idea'.

'Then half the money's mine'.

Wade bounced the ball, his fat body shaking each time his arm struck downward. Then he said:

'I can't go into your yard, either, but if you'll walk to the corner with me I'll buy us an ice cream cone. You won't tell if I cut across your yard, will you?'

'Come ahead'.

Wade stepped through the space where the board was missing. He smelled of soiled underwear: to me the odour summed up all that I refused to accept. I clenched my fist and struck. Wade struck back. Standing at the side of the opening, we battled. At the first blow which hit Wade's face, tears began to flow from his eyes. He rushed forward, clawing and pushing. One of his hands

grabbed the hand on which I wore my ring. I pulled off the ring and threw it to the ground.

'Look what you've done', I cried.

We stood facing one another.

'You pulled my mother's ring off my finger'.

'I didn't'.

'You did'.

'I didn't mean to'.

'You did'.

People arrived from the houses. Wade was taken home. I kneeled to the ground and began to look for the ring. I had not yet recovered it when my brother was sent from the house to tell me that I must come indoors to supper.

Vegetables and sometimes flowers had been planted at the back of the lot. Weeds and vines grew there, and the soil was uneven. In the after-supper twilight, on my hands and knees, I searched in the weeds in front of the fence where the board was missing. The ring might have rolled or I might have thrown it harder than I realized. But I found only thorns, stones, soil. With rising fear, I went back to the bare centre of earth in hope that the ring would be in the very spot where I had looked so many times and that at last I would see it. When I did not I began to turn over loose clods and to dig in the ground. People had been indignant against what they thought Wade had done, but that was faint comfort in the fading light. Once it was night, what was lost would never be found; the search I had begun would never end.

And suddenly I could no longer see! The space about me near the ground had become darker than the sky. The twilight was seeping out of the black weed stalks and grey soil, blinding the air to a man's height above the earth where the ring was lost; and high above, the same colour as the still bright sky, the first star had come out.—*Third Programme*

Kinburn Lodge

My grandfather, a fierce, tall man,
Died when I was two years old.
His motor-car, a brown sedan,
Was the first in Hamilton, I was told.
He was a dealer. Once he sold
● A good oil setter, four feet square,
To a man in Lanark for a hundred pounds.
When I was a boy I used to see fox-hounds,
Horses, men and cattle hanging there
All the way up the wrought-iron stair
At Kinburn Lodge. My grandmother kept
A handful of rooms, a house on one floor;
When I first went there, on my holidays
From our house in Sheffield, she could manage no more
Running up and down stairs with trays
Nor keep the side garden planted and swept.
I remember slugs as thick as my thumb
Oozing from long weeds over wet gravel
And how in a thunderstorm hail used to drum
On the greenhouse roof like an auctioneer's gavel
And my frail, kind aunt was driven half-mad
By rainwater running down the living-room wall
And a bucket for drips always in the hall.
It seemed, compared with the house we had,
A crumbling ruin, a slum on a hill.
For me it was terrifying, sinisterly still,
A place where family quarrels went on,
Where my grandmother died, where I'd nothing to do.
When I look back now I see it new,
An imposing mansion, a dignified brown,
Darkening the whole street with its frown.
I also see it when it was down,
The steps leading up into empty air
And my grandfather standing there,
A fierce, tall ghost with a terrible stare
That shivers each pick-axe. But the steps are bare.
Only dust and bricks are lying everywhere.

GEORGE MACBETH



In training: members of the Special Air Service practising dropping from the backs of moving lorries

The 'Phantom Major'

SIR BRIAN HORROCKS tells the story of David Stirling and the Special Air Service

ON December 14, 1941, a small party of British troops consisting of one officer and nine soldiers made their way cautiously on to the enemy airfield at Tamit, in the Western Desert. It was a pitch black night and they were moving carefully for the good reason that they were hundreds of miles behind Rommel's front line. Suddenly out of the darkness there loomed a house shaped rather like a nissen hut, and they could see a light coming from a crack in the window. They heard voices inside—it was obviously occupied by the enemy. They bashed open the door, and there seated round the table were thirty enemy officers. They attacked at once and ended up by shooting out the lights with their tommy guns. Of course the enemy were not slow to hit back and very soon bullets were whistling out of the windows and the doors. So, leaving four men to carry on with this miniature battle, the remainder set off round the airfield, putting bombs on all the enemy aircraft that were parked there. In fifteen minutes the whole raid was over and the little party were out into the darkness of the desert again, leaving behind them twenty-four enemy aircraft burning furiously; and what is more, they all got back safely behind our own lines again.

Every one of those men was a volunteer, and they belonged to an organization called the S.A.S. — Special Air Service. Not that they had anything to do with the air at all, except that they destroyed a large number of

enemy aircraft; but this was a cover name given to them in order to mislead and mystify the enemy, which it certainly did. They were really a private army, started, 'owned', trained, and led by a young subaltern called David Stirling. What is so remarkable is that in meeting Stirling for the first time no one would ever realize what a terrific leader he is. He seems at first sight rather a gentle creature, and it takes time to appreciate the depths of the man. He is an idealist and what is even more important a practical idealist—and men of this type, who are prepared to go to any lengths to further their ideals, can be very dangerous.

I am certain that Stirling's early upbringing had a great deal to do with the qualities of leadership which he possessed. He was born in Scotland, and whenever he is in Britain he spends as much time there as he can, back in those open spaces and the mountains

which he knew so well as a child. This is the country that taught him to be self-reliant. I have a theory that as we become more and more a nation of city-dwellers, so we lose our initiative and tend to lead soft lives. There was nothing soft about Stirling's background. It was in Scotland that all the Commando formations carried out their training, and, as was to be expected during a war, Stirling got away from regimental soldiering as soon as he could and joined a Commando.

But even Commando raids were not exciting enough for him. So when this self-reliant young subaltern found himself in the Middle



Colonel David Stirling with a patrol of the S.A.S. after its return from an operation in the Western Desert

Photographs: Imperial War Museum

East in 1941, he hit on a novel and exciting idea. He argued that great damage could be done to the enemy's long lines of communication provided surprise was achieved, but to get surprise only a few highly trained men should be used, instead of the large-scale intermittent commando raids which had been the practice up to date. It was perfectly simple, and he worked out all the details and put them down on paper.

Putting Over the Idea

However, the problem was how to get this over to the people at the top. So, in July 1941, he tried to bluff his way into G.H.Q. Cairo. As he had no pass, nor an appointment with anybody, not unnaturally the sentry stopped him. This did not deter David Stirling at all. When the sentry's back was turned, he went along the barbed wire fence, discovered a gap, slipped through up the stairs, and there he found himself outside a door bearing the mystic letters 'D.C.G.S.'. He knocked and went in. Second Lieutenant David Stirling found himself facing Major-General Neil Ritchie, the Deputy Chief of the General Staff of the whole of the Middle East. Realizing that speed was essential because it was likely that he would be thrown out on his neck very quickly, he moved rapidly across the room and put his plan on Ritchie's table. For a young subaltern to barge into the room of a General like that, particularly a chief staff officer, was a daring thing to do. Anyhow, it succeeded. He so impressed Ritchie and General Auchinleck, who was C-in-C. of the whole theatre, that he was allowed to recruit six officers and sixty soldiers to work under his orders for these particular operations.

As soon as his idea became known, volunteers tumbled over themselves to join up. He chose as a rule men who already had been in Commando formations. The idea was for them to drop by parachute behind the enemy lines, so they started by throwing themselves off moving platforms and out of the backs of lorries. As most had been in the Commandos they had already been through a tough course of training, but he insisted on putting them through a more advanced course of toughness. They had, first of all, to be basically fit. They might well have to cover many miles of desert on their feet. Subsequently, as a matter of fact, some of them did get back to our own lines having walked for hundreds of miles. They had to learn how to kill an opponent expeditiously and silently; also, how to surmount all types of obstacles, particularly barbed-wire entanglements.

As training became more advanced Stirling managed to borrow an aircraft for a period each day from which to practise the actual parachute jumping. He led the first two drops himself. And they were completely successful. The third time he decided to stay on the ground and watch what happened there. To his horror, when the first two men jumped, their parachutes failed to open and they were killed instantly almost at his feet. When their aircraft landed, some shaken men climbed out; they had only been stopped by a split second from jumping to certain death. I reckon that here was the first test of leadership. Stirling himself was feeling physically sick at this disaster. He could hardly have had a worst start. But he was much too determined a character to show by a flicker of an eyelid what he was feeling to the men. He went up to them and said calmly: 'Our training is cancelled for the rest of the day. We'll find out what went wrong, and we'll start again at 5.30 tomorrow morning'. They did find out, and the next morning up they went again. Stirling was with them once more and he jumped first. They followed in quick succession and the whole thing was a complete success. By November the training was finished and by then they were about as tough and fit a lot of men as you could wish for anywhere in the world.

First Assignment

Meanwhile, in the Western Desert two armies were facing each other: General Auchinleck's British force opposed by Rommel's forces. General Auchinleck was going to launch his offensive on November 18 in order to drive Rommel right out of Cyrenaica, and in conjunction with this attack, on the night before, Stirling was asked whether his S.A.S. could destroy during darkness enemy aircraft on the forward airfields in the Tmimi-Gaza area. There were five airfields, and the S.A.S. in five parties were to go over, drop from the air, destroy the aircraft and then come back

to a rendezvous where they would be picked up by another special force, the Long Range Desert Group, and driven back round the open southern flank to our own lines again.

That was the plan. Everybody was keyed up. Then on November 15 the weather reports began to get worse. Wind was rising. To drop in the dark in the desert (which is very rocky in places) was dangerous enough, but if there was a gale blowing it was suicide, and Stirling was advised to postpone the operations. Unfortunately, these men came from a Commando whose operations had been postponed over and over again, and he felt that if his first operation was also postponed, it would have a bad effect on morale. As there was just a possibility that the wind might drop he decided to take a chance. They took off in their five aircraft. The whole operation was a complete disaster: the wind rose to gale force, dust storms got up; the pilots could not find the correct dropping zone and many of the men when they jumped were badly hurt. They did no damage to the enemy at all, and out of sixty-four men who had gone over, only twenty-two, including Stirling, got back. Two-thirds of his highly trained little force had gone, with nothing to show for it at all.

This was the second test of leadership. Many men would have been daunted by this—but not Stirling. He was much too ruthlessly determined to be put off even by these casualties. He believed in the S.A.S. and he was going ahead with it. He argued that, after all, he and eighteen others had been able to move about freely behind the enemy lines, so it was merely a question of transport. To drop from the air was obviously too dependent on the weather. But if the Long Range Desert Group had been able to bring men back, why could they not also take them to the neighbourhood of their targets? That is precisely what they did: and it was a happy and successful co-operation. The Long Range Desert Group had been in existence for sixteen months, and, using the open flank, they had been operating all this time behind the enemy line. But their job was not to fight. It was to collect intelligence and make accurate maps of the desert.

Boredom in the Front Line

Stirling had one other worry at this time. He was very short of men, owing to the casualties. But he did not dare to ask for reinforcements until he had something to show for it, otherwise he was afraid that the whole operation might be cancelled. Fortunately for him, however, the Generals at that time were much too occupied with what was going on on the main front to worry about Stirling's Force. Auchinleck's offensive had bogged down. This was just as maddening and irritating for the regimental officers, N.C.O.s, and men as it was for the Generals who had planned the offensive. Few people realize how much of warfare consists of deadly boredom for the front line troops. This was particularly so in the Middle East, where their home was a hole in the sand. All round them there was nothing but desert, flies, a shortage of water, and those awful V-cigarettes. Ultimately, the offensive was resumed; and, thanks entirely to General Auchinleck's personal intervention, Rommel was again—though only temporarily—driven back.

All this time Stirling was perfecting the S.A.S. technique, and the better this got the more daring their raids became. One in particular which Stirling carried out himself, with Corporals Seekings and Cooper (the three of them always went together), deserves special mention. It was directed against Benina airfield, near Benghazi, which was known to be the main enemy repair base for aircraft in the Western Desert. On arrival Stirling saw only two aircraft parked on the airfield but that did not matter. On the far side was a row of hangars: these were the main target; they were the workshops. As soon as it got dark they moved down to the two aircraft and put a bomb in each with a time fuse so that the explosion would not go off for half an hour. They then moved across to the hangars. They had to go very carefully because of the enemy sentries. Whenever a sentry appeared, they froze: they had learnt this on training, and had developed the knack of almost disappearing into the ground.

They made their way cautiously through the door into the first hangar; it was full of equipment of all sorts. So they distributed bombs all over it. There was a light in the second hangar and when Stirling looked in through the door, he could see some German mechanics working on a half-completed bomber.

He left the two corporals at the door and moved forward by himself. He had the knack of moving absolutely silently, and when he got to that aircraft he was only five yards away from the Germans. Nevertheless, he attached his bomb to it and to two other pieces of machinery as well; then the three of them slipped out without anybody knowing they had ever been there. But the biggest prize of all was in the third hangar, for there they found some aircraft which had been repaired, ready for trial next day, and, better still, all round the walls were cases full of brand-new aircraft engines. That hangar was given a liberal supply of bombs.

Suddenly they heard the tramp of feet, so they hid. The guard was changing. When it was all over, instead of setting off rapidly and cheerfully into the desert again, as I would most certainly have done, Stirling and the two corporals went straight to the guard-room, of all places. He bashed open the door, and inside were the twenty sentries who had come off guard. He chucked in a grenade and said 'Catch' and then in their own words 'they ran like hell', because the whole place was going up in flames behind them. This last effort, going for the guard-room, shows a degree of almost reckless daring. If you want to stir up wasps, you don't put your finger right into the nest, which was to all intents and purposes what they had done. But they got away with it and were completely successful.

These three men, and sixty bombs, had done an enormous amount of damage to the enemy air effort in the Western Desert, and this was the type of raid which was going on at intervals all along the lines of communication. Naturally, Eighth Army Headquarters were delighted. But, equally, the Germans were getting more and more worried about the damage which was being done to their lines of communication. So, naturally, the enemy by now were almost continuously searching for those 'phantom raiders'. That was what they called them—the people who seemed to disappear into thin air.

By now, the S.A.S. was established and Stirling was promoted Major; he was allowed to recruit more reinforcements and the raids increased in number. These men in the S.A.S. lived a most extraordinary life, because they operated from forward bases right inside Rommel's line, probably close to big concentrations of German and Italian troops, who had no idea they were there. These forward bases were down at the bottom of a wadi or at the bottom of an escarpment where they had dug caves for themselves, seventy to eighty men from all over the world—New Zealand, France, Britain, Rhodesia—lived in these caves rather like some enormous rabbit warren, and by day there was no movement at all. Everything was hidden; there were just a couple of sentries. Then, as soon as it got dark, the whole place teemed with activity. They emerged from their warren. Most of them had beards, many wore bandana handkerchiefs; and as they collected round their camp fires, ate an enormous meal and drank rum, lime, and water which was passed round in a dixie, they must have looked very like eighteenth-century pirates. The undisputed leader of these very tough characters was this young British Major, Stirling. Yet he never ordered them to do anything. He would just suggest some fantastic operation like the one I have described, and nobody ever thought of saying no, because they knew that under this façade of gentleness was a self-reliant, daring, and determined man; and to these we must now add a fourth quality, luck. The troops thought that the Major was a lucky man who would get them out of almost any scrape; and troops will always follow a lucky commander. What is more, Stirling was always thinking of something new.

About this time, the jeep made its appearance in the Middle East, and Stirling realized at once that here was the ideal vehicle

for his purpose. So he acquired between twenty and thirty of them, and on to each fitted two twin Vickers machine-guns. He now decided to alter his technique. Up to date he had always carried out his raids in darkness, and the Germans had come to expect this. So now, in order to maintain surprise he decided to carry out his raids in the moonlight period of the month, using jeeps for the purpose. For the first of them he selected an airfield called Sidi Hanesh. This was known to be a German staging airfield. Therefore there were likely to be a good many aircraft parked there every night. So one night eighteen jeeps set off from that forward base which I have described to you. Each was driven by an officer or an N.C.O. with a soldier on each twin machine-gun (terrific fire power; sixty-eight Vickers guns). To start with there was no particular formation; the eighteen just kept in touch with each other. Then, when they were half a mile from the airfield, Stirling ordered them to halt, and form line facing the airfield—five yards between each vehicle.

This particular raid was a brilliant little operation. He gave the order to advance. Suddenly the whole airfield was lit up in front of them. They were shattered by this sudden blaze of light in the desert, and thought they were spotted. They then discovered that it was only an enemy aircraft coming in to land. Stirling made straight for the lighted runway. When he was 100 yards away he opened fire. Sixty-eight Vickers guns followed suit. It was a fantastic sight, tracer all over the place; the rasp and rattle of machine-gun fire filling the night air. The enemy troops must have wondered what had hit them.

The lights went out.

Stirling fired a green

Verery light which was the signal for them to form into box formation. The jeeps in front were to fire forward, and those on the flanks, outwards. The airfield was packed with aircraft and they roared on to it with all guns blazing—the real Nelson touch. The heat was so terrific that it singed their hair and eyebrows.

Suddenly Stirling ordered halt, 'Cease Fire'. An uncanny silence descended on the place. It was an odd time to hold a conference with the enemy all round and planes blazing everywhere, but he wanted to maintain control. 'Check ammunition!' he said, and then he gave orders for one last trip round the outside where the larger aircraft were parked. A moment later they were gone out into the desert, leaving behind them fifty blazing aircraft.

Their total had now reached the fantastic figure of 256 aircraft destroyed, as well as large quantities of equipment, stores, transport, and petrol.

More and more German troops were drawn away from the front to look for this 'Phantom Major'—that was how Rommel described him. It was also the title which Miss Virginia Cowles gave to her recent biography of Stirling*, a book to which I was particularly indebted in making researches for this broadcast.

In January 1943, Stirling's by now almost proverbial luck deserted him. He was captured, lying up in a wadi. Even then he escaped, but his hiding-place was spotted by an Arab and given away to the enemy. As a matter of fact he was sold to the enemy for eleven pounds of tea.

How do men like this make out in peace time? Where could he find that ideal, which he must have? He found his ideal in Rhodesia where he went after the war. Ten years ago Stirling, the idealist, formed the Capricorn Society because he felt that the future of Africa must depend on all the different races, colours, and religions learning to live and work together, and that is what Capricorn stands for. I believe that he is absolutely right.

—Television Service



B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

February 25—March 3

Wednesday, February 25

The Defence Minister tells the Commons that, owing to the agreement on Cyprus, it will be possible to reduce the number of troops in the island

More Rhodesian territorials are flown to disturbed areas in Nyasaland

Strikers at the Ford Motor Works at Dagenham defy an order by their union to return to work

Thursday, February 26

Mr. Macmillan visits Kiev, capital of the Ukraine

Under emergency regulations announced in Southern Rhodesia, most of the officials of the African National Congress are detained

Two men are killed in an explosion at Aldermaston Atomic Weapons Research Establishment

Friday, February 27

An amnesty for Eoka terrorists is announced in Cyprus

In Nyasaland one African is killed and two wounded when a crowd tries to storm a prison near Blantyre

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother returns from her tour of East Africa

Saturday, February 28

Mr. Khrushchev accepts an invitation from the East German Government to visit the Leipzig Trade Fair next week

Anglo-Egyptian financial agreement is signed in Cairo

Mr. John Stonehouse, M.P. (Labour) for Wednesbury, is declared a prohibited immigrant by the Federal Government of Rhodesia and Nyasaland

Temperatures rise to the sixties in Southern England

Sunday, March 1

Talks begin in Berlin between Russia and East Germany on a peace treaty

Welsh people in many parts of the world celebrate St. David's Day

Monday, March 2

Mr. Macmillan gives a broadcast talk in Moscow television

The Soviet Government proposes either a 'summit' meeting or a Foreign Ministers' meeting to take place in Vienna or Geneva next month

Tuesday, March 3

Prime Minister returns to London after the publication of a joint Anglo-Soviet communiqué in Moscow. He is invited to Washington by President Eisenhower

State of Emergency declared in Nyasaland. Commons debate situation. Mr. John Stonehouse, M.P., deported from Northern Rhodesia

American moon rocket Pioneer IV successfully launched



Mr. Harold Macmillan being welcomed on his arrival at Kiev airport on February 26. During his visit to the Ukrainian capital the Prime Minister was shown over a collective farm on the outskirts of the city



Men of the African Rifles in Blantyre, Nyasaland, last week after being flown from Zomba, the capital, to deal with riots by Africans protesting against the federation with Rhodesia



Archbishop Makumbi on his return to



A photograph re under the new C

Left: pick



...y cheering Greek Cypriots as he drove through Nicosia last Sunday
rly three years' exile. After attending a *Te Deum* the Archbishop of
ressed the crowd from the balcony of his palace



Turkish dancers performing in Ataturk Square, Nicosia, to celebrate the return to Cyprus
from the London conference last week of the Turkish-Cypriot leader, Dr. Kutchuk



from the Himalayan Kingdom of Nepal, where the first general election
eld on February 22: women queuing to enter a polling booth in a
entlement near Katmandu, the capital

market at Lamorna Cove, south of Penzance, Cornwall, last week



Firemen fighting flames in the naval dockyard at Valletta, Malta, on February 27 after
riots had broken out among the workers when they received notices ending their employment
by the Admiralty. Considerable damage was done before order was restored



There goes your favourite pullover!

You didn't need it in the Summer did you? You left it in the drawer. On the first chilly Autumn morning out it came — looking more like a piece of lace than the stout old friend it used to be. Reason? Moths!

Mothproofing of *their whole output* has been the aim of woollen manufacturers for years. But the general use of mothproofing agents, giving lasting and safe protection, has so far been ruled out by their high cost. The results of Shell Chemical Company research, however, have put an end to the expensive meals of billions of moth larvae.

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Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Integrity and the Parson

Sir,—The vitally important theme which seems to me to emerge from Mr. Joseph McCulloch's stimulating talk (THE LISTENER, February 19) is that, as Christians, it is not enough, in the world as it is today, to know a lot about religion and to give clever answers, but what we are challenged to do is to change our way of thinking. This means, *inter alia*, examining our underlying assumptions and seeing where, in the light of Christ's principles, they are false. None of us likes doing this and therefore we fall into the trap of 'superimposing a form of Christianity upon the atheistic mind'. But it is the materialistic assumptions of not only the atheistic but of all our minds, which we imbibe from the very atmosphere of our civilization, which have to be overcome. This is the modern meaning of John the Baptist's: *Metanoeite!*—Repent ye! But the consequence of doing this is that we come up against many of the accepted principles and practices of our time in matters social and economic as well as spiritual. Only then is the challenge of Christianity real, and it is only to a real challenge that people of today, who want to retain their integrity, will respond.

Mr. McCulloch also says: 'You have to reason the faith that is already incipiently in you'. This seems to me to be the *leit-motif* for any parson charged with the cure of souls. In other words: in dealing with the seeker after the 'ars spiritualis', do not hit him on the head with a theological argument or a stock Church answer, but take him by the hand and lead him to the awareness of the grain of mustard seed within himself and show him the reasonableness of it and its importance within the universe.

Yours, etc.,

East Grinstead

S. DRAKE

Sir,—Mr. Channing-Pearce exhorts Mr. McCulloch to apply his mind to constructive tasks and sets before him the model of Paul Tillich's theology. Mr. McCulloch's talk, however, breathed the very spirit of Tillich and even echoed his vocabulary. He has disturbed Mr. Channing-Pearce, if truth be told, precisely because he has treated one matter, that of the parson's integrity, with the sincerity of Tillich, and added to his offence by introducing Christian substance and experience under cover of a secular word, namely 'integrity', a method which is also characteristic of Tillich.

Mr. Channing-Pearce misses the Christian substance in Mr. McCulloch's use of this word, and speaks slightly of it as merely 'a pagan virtue'. This kind of Christian superiority, which Mr. McCulloch so ably characterized in his talk, makes it still more difficult to hold discussion with the thoughtful 'outsider', to whom the Christian vocabulary does not mean much, and in which it is vital to introduce Christian substance with secular words.

Of course the Church has many things to say. Mr. McCulloch is only anxious that a realization and experience may come, through which they may be said in humility and in the

right spirit, so that reality may be present. It is not present when the Church has 'all the answers', and can afford 'to talk downwards'.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.20

ERASTUS EVANS

The Making of Classical Greece

Sir,—The traditions about the foundation of Tarentum, which Mr. M. I. Finley describes (in his letter published in THE LISTENER of February 26) as 'hopelessly muddled', go back to Ephorus in the fourth century and Antiochus in the fifth. These authors do at least agree that the original colonists were under-privileged Spartans who had tried, unsuccessfully, to organize a revolution. Surely that is a reasonable indication that they found the Spartan political system intolerable. It is true that Tarentum was later 'on friendly terms' with Sparta: Australia is, I hope, 'on friendly terms' with Britain, although many of its original settlers found life in nineteenth-century Britain intolerable, if not impossible.

It is also true that there was a popular revolution in Tarentum after a military defeat in 473 B.C., and that the earlier régime, which Aristotle describes as 'constitutional government', recognized a hereditary monarch as well as elective magistrates; it is possible, too, that some of the founding families may have enjoyed political privileges. But there is no indication that Tarentine society ever resembled Spartan society in being based on serfdom and maintained by terrorism. In the terminology used in these talks, this system may surely be described as democratic.

A century after the revolution, Tarentum was admirably governed by a philosopher President. After his death, there was 'internal strife' in the city, as in most contemporary Greek cities; but Tarentum was wealthy enough to pay professional experts to carry out her wars against the native Italians, and Aristotle praises both the social conscience of the rich and the availability of public office to all classes.

Like the rest of Italy, Tarentum came under Roman control in the third century, and it was Rome's support of a minority government which induced Tarentum to go over to Hannibal during the Carthaginian invasion. After the Roman reconquest, Tarentum may perhaps be called a 'dead city', but it was no more so than any other community in Italy which had made the same mistake.—Yours, etc.,

Exeter

H. W. STUBBS

Sir,—Surely it is rather unfair of M. I. Finley (THE LISTENER, February 12) to blame Alexander for marking the end of the free, classical city-state. It is true that he allowed himself to be worshipped as an earthly embodiment of Ammon, the Sun-God—a practice much in favour with the Persian kings and Egyptian pharaohs—but the seeds of rulership by the Highest were long before his time deeply implanted in the philosophy and religion of the Greeks. For Plato, the reign of the king-philosopher was the best of all earthly govern-

ments, and long before his time the Mystery religions were teaching the worship of the King of Heaven under various names from Osiris to Zeus, a practice which seems inevitably to have given rise to an embodiment of that Heavenly Ruler assuming rulership on earth.

It was certainly from the time of Alexander that the practice of the deification of monarchs commenced in the West, but he was only the human expression of forces long latent in the consciousness of Western humanity.

Yours, etc.,

Selsey

ESME WYNNE-TYSON

On Translating from the Russian

Sir,—Mrs. Manya Harari's talk (THE LISTENER, February 26) reminded me of a bemusing difficulty in the reverse direction concerning the spoken word. I was attempting to teach a middle-aged Russian English, explaining the terms in Russian. My pupil came across a sentence during reading practice: 'Sir Winston Churchill . . . spoke . . . at a banquet in the Guildhall'. She rendered: 'Ser Vinston Choorcheel spok at a bankwet in the Gwildhall'. I immediately corrected her: 'It's pronounced Gildhall'. She tried again: ' . . . at a banket in the Gildhall'. I failed to answer her innocent 'Why are they pronounced different ways?'

May I take this opportunity of expressing a deep gratitude to Mrs. Harari for her work as a translator—and would she, I wonder, agree with me that the most difficult Russian literary work to translate satisfactorily is Griboyedov's witty elliptical play *Woe from Wit*?

Yours, etc.,

Bolton

E. P. RADCLIFFE

The Science of Smell

Sir,—One or two relevant comments may be made on the psychological methods and problems touched upon by Dr. Magnus Pyke in his stimulating talk entitled 'The Science of Smell' (THE LISTENER, February 19) based upon the recent American textbook on *Flavor Research and Food Acceptance* (Reinhold, 1958)

Admittedly the work referred to, relating sensory information to the recording of electrical changes in the nervous system, is very much up to date. However, the emphasis upon the importance of hedonic tone, or upon likes and dislikes, goes back well over twenty-five years. In particular, one may note Beebe Center's book on *The Psychology of Pleasantness and Unpleasantness*, originally published in 1932. Beebe Center's work at Harvard also forms a major part of the theme connected with the developments of 'Scales of Taste', standards for the 'Gust Scale' having been proposed and used by him in 1949. A general review of these and other facts formed the basis of a contribution of mine, entitled 'Psychological Aspects of Food Acceptance', to a symposium on *Taste, Appetite and the Selection of Food* organized by Section I (Physiology) of the British Association for the Advancement of Science—Sheffield, 1956.

Yours, etc.,

Leeds, 2

ROLAND HARPER

Theatrical Touring in Edwardian Times

By BEATRICE FORBES-ROBERTSON

THE first time I went on tour I was travelling with my mother, because I was so young that she wanted to take care of me. We opened in the Theatre Royal at Manchester where the stage had a strong rake down, and when the curtain went up I felt as though I was going to fall into the orchestra pit—a very uncomfortable feeling. They do not have those raked stages any more. We were in Manchester two weeks, during which it ceased to rain one afternoon for two hours; that was all. The mud in Manchester was thick black grease, in which I saw women and children walking about with bare feet.

I was in three productions with my uncle, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *The Sacrament of Judas* from the French. I thought that my uncle's *Othello* was the finest performance he ever gave because he was working against his personality, instead of with it as in *Hamlet*. When he made his great speech over Desdemona's corpse, 'Cold, cold, my girl, even as thy chastity', I used to be lying dead upon the bed in full view of the audience and had to concentrate every atom of my will power—to prevent me from crying out, such was the force of his agony.

The big companies in my day had special trains on Sunday and people collected together in the morning at the station, with the stage managers fussing about to see that everybody was there. There were no dining cars—you carried sandwiches—and I had a most beautiful present from my family of a picnic basket that fastened on to the window at the corner of the compartment and had a let-down flap for a table and a little methylated spirit cooking stove, on which I remember once cooking a chop for Irene Vanbrugh. The special train used to consist of two or three coaches for the company and huge baggage vans with all the scenery, dress baskets, and so on.

When you arrived at your destination, people trailed out and usually took cabs, four-wheelers, or omnibuses to theatrical lodgings, which were engaged in advance. The lodgings usually had a marvellous sitting-room with Victorian furniture, sometimes horsehair sofas, a huge dining table with a chenille-bobbled cloth, and innumerable ornaments—'Present from Brighton', 'Present from Scarborough', and so on; no place to put down a hat or a piece of writing material. I used sometimes to put away a large number of these ornaments in the sideboard and then explain to the landlady that I was so afraid of knocking one down. The landlady was called by the music-hall fraternity 'Ma', and the favourite inscription in the visitors' book was, 'Dear old Ma, a home from home'.

You usually shared rooms with another woman in the company, and you had two bed-

rooms, the sitting-room with a huge coal-fire, and the services of the landlady for cooking and serving the meals. You went out and bought your own supplies and handed them to her. The rooms cost anywhere from about 12s. 6d. a week for the three, including light and heat, up to about £1. Food in those days was very cheap; you could live comfortably on £2 a week each,



Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson (1853-1937) as Othello
Victoria and Albert Museum

or even less. On my first tour I got £5 a week, which was high pay for a person who had never stepped upon the stage; but that was owing to the generosity of Sir Henry Irving.

I remember several outstanding landladies. When we arrived in Edinburgh we had the most marvellous rooms in a large house of flats. They were the best rooms I had ever had. The old lady who ran them had her husband with her, and while they had these guests they slept in a wall bed in the kitchen. Her rooms were spotlessly clean and there were beautiful white fleecy fur rugs upon the floor. She herself wore a mutch—that is, a little cap tied under the chin with a goffered frill all round it, hiding the ears, just as my great-great-grandmother had worn in the eighteenth century. She used to fold her very white hands upon her ample front and discourse to us, giving us her views on politics. On one occasion in 1900 she said: 'We do not approve of Mr. Balfour here in Edinburgh'.

I said: 'Indeed'.

She went on: 'Politics is a serious business and Mr. Balfour is no a serious man'.

Of course, I have many memories of Ellen Terry. Nellie was the most adorable human being I have ever known. She used to sit up in bed with little pieces of material for new curtains she was thinking about, newspaper cuttings with photographs, letters, and so on. With pillows thrust in at her back, there she would sit and attend to all her affairs until it was time to get up and dress for luncheon: she always had some woman friend sitting beside her discussing the news. Nellie was not only a great lover of men but she was a great lover of women and children, dogs, birds, and in fact of the whole living world around her. Her face was utterly charming; she had a rather retroussé nose, great beauty of mouth, amazing fascination of expression, and a beautiful low voice with a suggestion of tears in it.

Actors' lodgings usually abutted on rather poor parts of a town because they had to be inexpensive and you had to walk sometimes through rather slummy streets from the theatre to your lodgings. The public houses used to close later than they do now, and I remember in my second tour I was in Glasgow, sharing rooms with my father. We walked home on the Saturday night from the theatre and literally had to pace over bodies which were lying in the gutter on either side of the street. There had been no battle, however; these were simply persons who had reeled out of the public houses when they closed.

When I was on tour with the company my father felt strongly that the young men, and one or two also of the young women, ought to have more exercise than they got; so he instituted a little fencing class, which used to meet a couple of

mornings a week on stage. Sir Frank Benson organized his company into cricket clubs and it was said that if a young man said that he was a good bowler or batsman, he was sure of a part.

The social position of an actor had been enormously advanced by the Lyceum management and by Henry Irving becoming the first theatrical knight. It was no longer considered in my day that actors were rogues and vagabonds. On the other hand the older men still were inclined to wear astrakhan collars on their overcoats and to wear their hair rather long. Sir Henry's hair was a little long. After that it got shorter as the theatrical profession advanced in social prestige, and today if you meet an actor you cannot tell him from, say, a banker.

The women wore dresses that swept the ground. It was necessary to pick them up when you walked across the road. Young men used to stand on the pavement, where there was a crossing, to see if they could glimpse an ankle.

—From a talk in the Home Service



COURT OF COMMON QUERY-3

by PODALIRIUS

COUNSEL FOR MR. ROE, A PHARMACEUTICAL MANUFACTURER, QUESTIONS MR. YOE, AN INDEPENDENT STATISTICIAN.

Mr. Yoe, between 1949-50 and 1957-58 what was the real increase in the N.H.S. cost per head of the population?—13 per cent. And can you give us an idea of how between those years gross expenditure on different elements of the service increased?—Yes, if I may refer to my notes: pharmaceutical service from 35 to 73 millions; hospitals from 219 to 421 millions; and local authority services from 31 to 62. And have you any figures that might put the drug cost element in the pharmaceutical service in general perspective?—Yes. For branded drugs the index of prices dropped between 1953 and 1957 from 100 to 82, while the index of general retail prices increased from 100 to 116.

Finally in this connection, what percentage of the gross national product goes into the N.H.S.?—3.80 per cent. in 1949-50, and 3.44 per cent. in 1956-57. In the U.S.A. the estimated figure for health expenditure is 5 per cent.

Mr. Yoe, has the industry recently agreed with the government on a voluntary price regulation scheme for branded drugs?—Yes, it affects 90 per cent. of the cost of all N.H.S. proprietaries.

And what is to be the saving?—Roughly £750,000 a year.

Mr. Yoe, to be brutally frank, the relative smallness of that saving might be due to the fault of the government in financial negotiation or to the fact that the previously obtaining prices were on the whole reasonable?—Those would seem to be two alternatives, certainly.

And now what about the prices of branded drugs vis à vis their standard equivalents?—For 51 per cent. of the branded drugs there is no standard equivalent; 24 per cent. cost the same or less than the equivalents, 25 per cent. cost more.

Do you think then that doctors are being bamboozled into prescribing expensive brands when a cheap official equivalent exists?—It would certainly seem a difficult proceeding.

And now standard drugs presented by pharmaceutical manufacturers in unbranded form?—In 1955 the Health Departments investigated their prices and decided that no intervention was called for.

Mr. Yoe, the cost of N.H.S. drugs in 1957-58 was 45 million pounds. What was the value of drugs advertised and sold to the public?—35 millions.

And the export figure for the industry?—40 millions.

So it is not wholly reliant on the N.H.S. for its profits?—That seems to be true.

But if one branch of its trade were to be weakened, the other might be?—I imagine so.

Mr. Yoe, how many people are employed in the pharmaceutical industry?—Roughly 50,000.

It is a not unimportant industry, and perhaps not unworthy of its work for the National Health Service?—It would appear not to be.

Mr. Yoe, do you think that appearances often deceive?—Not when hard facts and figures are involved.

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Contemporary Gamblers in Art

By J. WOOD PALMER

THE exhibition of 100 recent purchases by the Contemporary Art Society, now on view at the Arts Council Gallery, is above all else a justification for a purchasing policy which is followed all too rarely by public bodies. Normally the buyer with a flair for spotting talent is quickly stifled by a committee whose guiding lights are expediency, art politics or fashion, or perhaps less dangerously just plain ignorance, and always there is an *eminence grise* with a personal axe to grind, so that the resulting acquisition is almost invariably a pale compromise.

Not so with the Contemporary Art Society which is composed of gamblers; and since it is anyone's bet whether the work of more than a handful of the artists painting today will stand the test of time, it is perfectly sensible and logical of the Society to let loose on the art market two buyers a year with about £3,000 in their pockets and a free hand to indulge the English passion for a flutter. This has been going on for ten years, and few would deny that this uninhibited form of shopping has paid off pretty handsomely.

The 100 selected works (more can be seen at the Society's office at the Tate Gallery) which represent the bulk of its acquisitions since the C.A.S. made its last distribution to provincial and Commonwealth galleries in 1956, show none of the timidity-cum-desiccated good taste which afflicts so many collections. Admittedly there are some fairly weak paintings scattered about but the percentage is surprisingly low and the good paintings are so good that already one can see them as the kind that will mature on the wall of any gallery in the way that a full-bodied Burgundy improves darkly in its bin.

Bratby is here, of course, a non-vintage work half way between the 'larder' period and what is happening at his current exhibition, but characteristic enough to show why so many of the intellectuals are now busy decrying him. Force and strong colour can be accepted in abstract work because the mind, however violently assailed, can somehow slide peacefully away from any engagement with the painting, but there is an outcry when these factors are present in realism, and the intellectuals suffer a *frisson* up and down that area where one might suppose their spines to be. Matthew Smith must have known all about this, and latterly Guttuso.

Ceri Richards makes three appearances. The large blue 'Trafalgar Square' of 1950 is an example of perfectly composed and controlled

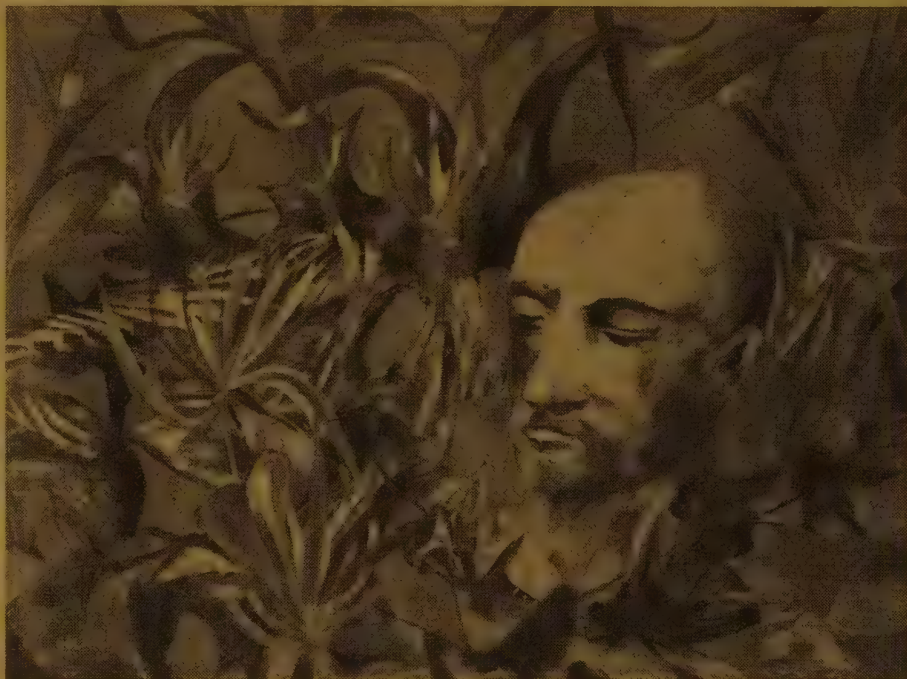
poetry. Surely he is one of the best artists working in this country today, and it is astonishing that his merits are not far more widely recognised. Not that he is unique in having to wait for the full acknowledgment he deserves: other artists of his generation are in the same boat. Keith Vaughan waited for years before he got into the Tate and even then it

at the Beaux Arts to, of all sequestered places, a Deanery. It may be difficult now to get another such painting from him since he is a slow worker.

But these are slightly carping criticisms when so much besides is admirable—the habit, for instance, of buying an artist at the top of his form. Where else is there a Martin Froy of equal quality and power to 'The Model Resting'? And how astute to have extracted from Derek Hill, always *en poste* between Rome, Hampstead, and Donegal, the very best painting he has ever done. Again, the Sandra Blow is a work of great authority yet bought when she was still not much more than a rumour and only considered by a few to be one of the most promising among the young. The decision to acquire the impressively sinister array of Francis Bacon's, however, did not come into the category of 'spotting', and it is fortunate for the Society that the financial side of the transaction has been taken care of by the R. J. Sainsbury Discretionary Fund. This kind of generosity is a tremendous help to the C.A.S., which has of course no state aid. Three of these Bacons have already disturbed several provincial cities, having been seen last summer in the Arts Council's exhibition 'Three Masters of Modern British Painting'.

The sculpture is undistinguished, but among the drawings are several pearls. Sutherland's 'Lyrebirds', with its odd singing colour, gives one, as is usual with this artist, a new sense of vision. The impact of Middleditch's 'Bull' is entirely different but no less definite. Nolan's landscape, which could be taken for gouache, has the same distillation and glow as a fine Derain; and there is a 'Seated Figure' by Clatworthy, so strange and powerful and assured that never again shall I look at his sculpture only as something impractical for anyone to buy unless a vacuum-cleaner is thrown in.

The Secretary of the Society, with no previous experience of the compromise necessary in rooms so unsuited to the display of very modern painting, has achieved a remarkably successful hang. She has been only partially defeated, as has every other organizer before her, by the nightmare gallery at the head of the stairs where with every exhibition an attempt is made to hide the busy décor by means of screens incongruous in colour and character and in design worthy of Emmet. On the whole I should bet that at the end of 1959, when the London exhibitions are seen in retrospect, this will emerge as one of the liveliest and most courageous of the year.



'Death of a Poet', by Sydney Nolan: from the exhibition at the Arts Council Gallery of recent purchases by the Contemporary Art Society

must have seemed a slightly back-handed compliment to find himself represented by nothing like his best work. The C.A.S., on the other hand, has bought him many times and shows here among others a landscape with all his mastery of tonal values.

Paul Feiler is another and a valued artist, whose 'Harbour Window' represents him at his best. His progress has been too sound and steady to cause a stir but there are few abstract painters who can match the succulence of his paint or the subtlety of his colour. Possibly these three have been too busy concentrating on their jobs to realize the value, in this meretricious age, of publicity, and their way is the harder for this omission.

There is a delightful absence of 'drip-dry' in this exhibition. One can only suppose that the Society, lacking the wherewithal to buy even a minor masterpiece by Jackson Pollock, has wisely avoided the English pastiches. Let scornful laughter reign in Dover Street and the Espressos, but who will mind that? Other gaps, however, cannot be passed by quite so complacently. Why is there no Robert Medley, a most exciting painter and another one due, I think, for an old age of cosy adulation? And surely it was a bad lapse to allow Michael Andrews's 'Late Evening on a Summer Day' to escape from his show

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Ethel Smyth. A Biography.
By Christopher St. John.
Longmans. 30s.

Reviewed by LEONARD WOOLF

MISS CHRISTOPHER ST. JOHN had a great opportunity when she began to write the biography of her friend, Ethel Smyth. Here was one of those tempestuous, unpredictable, conventional, rebellious, prickly eccentrics who seem to be a special product of the British Isles. The last thing you could have possibly suspected her of being was a musical composer. But with the contrariness characteristic of herself and of her kind, she determined quite early in her career to study and write music. Convinced herself that she was a great composer—'at last', she wrote of an article on her by Boughton, 'an Englishman who openly says my music is that of the very greatest composers'—she spent years of her life, and energy sufficient for a hundred masterpieces, on (not entirely unsuccessfully) convincing people that she had written the masterpieces. She wrote seven or eight books about herself, autobiographies which many people consider to have greater claim to being masterpieces than her musical compositions. She wrote throughout her life a colossal number of letters, many of them of colossal length, to a constant succession of adoring and adored, exasperating and exasperated, friends. She bicycled and played golf with the same passionate and indiscriminating energy with which she wrote her *Mass in D*, pursued and persecuted Sir Adrian Boult in order to get him to do her composition *The Prison* at a B.B.C. concert, and conducted her affairs of the heart or her frantic friendships.

Has Miss St. John made the most of this astonishing opportunity? Not, one must confess, positively the most, not one hundred per cent—but perhaps fifty or sixty per cent. She has written a highly amusing and interesting book. She has extracted innumerable plums from Ethel's diaries, letters, and books, and also some remarkable plums from the letters of her many distinguished friends. Finally at the end of the book are appreciations by Miss V. Sackville-West and others, and two appendices, one containing twenty-nine letters to her, and another a critical study of her music by Kathleen Dale. The reader of all this will find himself thoroughly amused; he will get, no doubt, some notion, some feeling, of what Ethel Smyth was like. Perhaps today that is all that really could be done about her. The book is, however, a little disappointing, because it gives one a kaleidoscope rather than a picture of the woman; the complete woman is lost in the continually dissolving colours and forms, snippets of her character and actions and opinions.

The trouble is that, though there are people whose characters are kaleidoscopic, Ethel Smyth was not one of them. There were many contradictory elements in her, but they and she were static, immovable, almost monolithic. What was remarkable about her was her enormous, ruthless energy and egocentricity and her gargantuan appetite for life, action, and people. Superimposed upon this was a highly individual,

strictly limited sense of humour. A very good brain of the 'hardheaded' type, an iron will, a cold eye and a passionate nature, and complete unselfconsciousness completed this strange figure. With this equipment of contradictory qualities and abilities there was practically nothing which she was not capable of achieving—up to a certain point. She became a distinguished musical composer, though it is extremely doubtful whether any of her works are first rate. She wrote several very amusing books which could only have been written by Ethel Smyth, but they too are not really in the highest class. The reason why her music and books are not 'that of the very greatest composers' and writers is probably that she lacked the sensitivity without which great works of art cannot be produced. Talent, originality, robustness, and enormous vitality can go a long way in music and literature, but in the end are not a substitute for the creative sensitivity which we sometimes call genius.

In the end it may be said that the two things for which Ethel was most remarkable were her vitality and her individuality. They won her an immense number of friends whom she kept perpetually oscillating between amusement, affection, and exasperation. And it was basically upon these two characteristics that she built herself up into that strange phenomenon, the English eccentric. We have produced in the last 300 years many male English eccentrics, but naturally fewer females. Ethel, with Lady Hester Stanhope and a few others, takes her place in this select company.

The Megalith Builders of Western Europe
By Glyn Daniel. Hutchinson. 18s.

The great stone monuments of prehistoric Europe, the chambered tombs, the stone circles and, most enigmatic of all, the single isolated pillars or menhirs, present a challenge to the archaeologist which has all too seldom been accepted. It is now nearly half a century since the last book in English appeared in which the megalithic scene was comprehensively surveyed; and the appearance of Dr. Daniel's book is thus more than timely.

This is not a book for the specialist, though he will certainly read it with both profit and enjoyment. It contains few of the technicalities, and none of the obfuscations, of the narrower scholarship. Instead it provides a sober but often entertaining account of the main varieties of megalithic ritual monument in northern and western Europe, including Britain, and an assessment of the various theories by which in the past they have been interpreted.

Most of these interpretations, as we can now see in retrospect, were far too sweeping and too simple. The mere fact of using large stones for building does not of itself constitute a 'megalithic culture'; still less does it imply the existence of a 'megalithic race'. Nor does it necessarily mean that all such structures must have been erected at about the same time. The whole problem is far too complex to admit of such seductively simple answers, as indeed are most problems in archaeology.

Dr. Daniel has been at pains to make this complexity apparent. He offers here no start-

lingly new or unorthodox contributions to knowledge, but rather a guide to the tortuous paths of research already trodden. On many of these paths he has wisely and properly erected signs saying 'No through road'; and the reader can consequently gain a far more reliable picture of this peculiarly difficult field of enquiry than has been available to him hitherto.

R. J. C. ATKINSON

Paper Boats
By E. M. Butler. Collins. 16s.

It is characteristic of Professor Butler that in India about twenty years ago she was assailed by 'a wild desire' to fling herself under the wheels of the Jagannath Car. It is also characteristic that she did not do anything so foolish. There is Norman blood in her as well as Irish, which no doubt accounts for this blend of irrational belief and down-to-earth scepticism, a combination of opposites that has governed her life and now lends fire to her autobiography.

She became an academic by accident. Lessing once said that all occupations were a matter of indifference to him; he never pressed himself forward, but neither did he ever refuse any job that seemed at all suited to his temperament. In this respect at least, Professor Butler shares his outlook. She was too busy living to plan for the future. Events pushed her towards the study of German literature and ultimately the Schröder Professorship at Cambridge, though her opinion of the Germans as a nation has been low ever since her schooldays in Hanover. She was so distressed by Professor Litzmann's Bonn seminars in 1913 ('a stupefied audience and a sadistically sneering Professor') that her mind was poisoned against research, and it took all the tact and wise humour of J. G. Robertson to cancel this impression when in 1920 she was invited to Newnham as temporary lecturer in German. She would have preferred an academic career in French studies, or even Russian.

Russian she had learned from Jane Harrison as part of her war effort, since she wanted to get out to Russia with the Red Cross. She succeeded. Her task was to take four nursing sisters out through Norway, Sweden, Finland and Russia right down to Odessa. Her account of this fantastic trip is a triumph of comedy and pathos, from the psychic gypsy, encountered by chance in a Petrograd park, to the four or five months, 'the happiest time of my life', spent doing hospital work in Bessarabia. Much of this happiest time was spent carrying sanitary pails across a quarter of a mile of steppe to a disposal trench. In the night, returning from this mission, she would become conscious of a sound never heard in the daytime. 'It was as if the steppe were sighing, softly, hopelessly, uncomplainingly. It was in fact the subdued chorus of the wounded men, hundreds of them, moaning in the night'.

Throughout this most interesting book she realises her memories beautifully, with reverence for human grandeur and deserved malice for human pettiness. She has no inhibitions about unmasking the villains in her life; most of them turn out to be Germans. And it may be due to her admirable instinct for artistic selection, but

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she does give the impression of having met more than the normal quota of cranks. These must have been very trying in life, but in Professor Butler's pages they are great objects of fun. She and a friend are invited to Monte Verità near Ascona by Baron Eduard von der Heydt; it turns out to be a haunt of simple-lifers, and they are greeted by the Baron in vest and pants and brandishing a scarlet parasol—'Is he an eccentric as well as an intellectual?' they ask each other nervously. She visits Holywell in the steps of Corvo, she has a remarkably strange interview with Aleister Crowley, she generally manages to be where the atmosphere is invigorating. If it is not invigorating, she invigorates it, as she invigorates the reader with this book, the latest of the 'paper boats' she has launched during her lifetime.

IDRIS PARRY

The Changing Social Structure of England and Wales, 1871-1951

By David C. Marsh.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 28s.

Professor Marsh opens with the disclaimer of any intention that this book 'should in any way make a contribution to our knowledge of modern history'. Even for a volume intended for 'the student and the general reader' this is surely too modest, and Professor Marsh, who discusses population changes in their many quantitative aspects, the family, social classes and education opportunities and ends with a general chapter on the changing patterns of social problems, is necessarily involved in an assessment and interpretation of social change over the past eighty years.

Professor Marsh has been assiduous in collecting many facts and in summarizing them in the text and in his many tables for the convenience of the general reader. There is much that is useful here although the argument is at times somewhat loose and not all his statements can be accepted without qualification. The discussion of the Welfare State is distinctly pre-Titmouse, and the chapter on the distribution of wealth ignores some important recent work on income redistribution. On divorce, he writes that it is 'in general more prevalent among the younger married population and could, therefore, have serious implications for future population growth'. This is to miss, *inter alia*, that the most recent data show that a high proportion of all divorces occur among marriages that have lasted for more than ten years (twenty per cent. for more than twenty years) and, further, that the remarriage rate among divorced persons has been rising steadily (which Professor Marsh recognizes elsewhere, at the bottom of page 37; but then hedges later with the comment that 'even those who have been unsuccessful in one marriage tend to try again').

The main weakness of the book, however, is its lack of historical sense; and it is the failure to place social problems within their historical framework that makes this volume, in the main, a recital of certain groups of contemporary social statistics rather than a discussion of social change over time. What is missing is a firm grasp of the social implications of a society that has been steadily increasing its degree of industrialization. The two chapters on the industrial and occupational distribution of the population, for example, are largely concerned with the

most recent Census data and devote too little attention to such matters as the changes in class groupings that have taken place over the past half-century. The chapter on regional variations in the population mentions but underestimates the significant differences in the physical characteristics of internal migration in the pre- and post-1914 decades. There is in general an absence of a feeling for trend and growth.

On the family, the central significance of the decline in family size is rightly emphasized. Without doubt this is the most important single change within the family unit in modern society, and one that has probably contributed more to the improvement in the living standards of working-class women than anything else. But there are other matters that also need their proper emphasis, one of them being the new situation that married women are finding themselves in as a result of the earlier age of marriage, the decline in family size and the lengthened expectation of life. Child bearing and child rearing now tend to be concentrated within the first two decades of married life; and the average married woman, with thirty years more to live, is beginning to experience new opportunities as well as new stresses and strains.

This volume is published in the International Library of Sociology. The index to the present book is inadequate and the way the references are set out in the footnotes is not helpful. Looking over previous volumes in this series, one feels that a modest degree of standardization in these matters would be welcome. There is work here of a tiresome but elementary kind for both the general editor and the publishers.

JOHN SAVILLE

Birds of Cyprus. By David A. Bannerman and W. Mary Bannerman.

Oliver and Boyd. £3 3s.

Cyprus is particularly attractive to ornithologists because it lies in the path of great numbers of migratory birds on their way between Europe or Asia and their winter quarters in Africa. The island lies almost due north from Suez and the Delta of the Nile, 'that great artery to the heart of Africa' along which enormous numbers of migratory birds make their annual journeys; it is also within sight to the north of the Taurus Mountains of Turkey and to the east of the mountains of Lebanon. Of the approximately 333 species of birds known from Cyprus only forty-six are permanent residents; all the rest are migrants of various classes from overseas.

The Bannermans are the first to produce a full-scale history of the island's avifauna. It is in every way equal to the books about the birds of many other lands that have already been written, or are in course of publication, by Dr. Bannerman; the skill and charm of these industrious ornithologists show no sign of flagging in spite of the monumental labours already achieved.

The book is beautifully illustrated in colour and monochrome by the best bird artists. Its production is a credit to the publishers who, as usual, have allowed the authors scope for an unhurried discussion of their subject, so that it is not only a work of reference but a book to be read with enjoyment. It will be the mainstay of the recently formed ornithological society in Cyprus to which many members of the Forces as well as civilians already belong. The authors

add that 'it is greatly to be hoped that both Turkish and Greek Cypriots will become members in due course, and find a new interest in the study of the living birds'.

L. HARRISON MATTHEWS

Modern Verse in English. Edited by David Cecil and Allen Tate.

Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.

The Faber Book of English Verse

Edited by John Hayward. Faber. 21s.

Modern Verse in English is an anthology chosen from the poetic output of this country and the United States between (roughly) 1900 and 1950. The English, or, as it seems we must now say, British poems in it have been chosen by Lord David Cecil (do he and others now teach *British Literature*, or *Brit. Lit.*, at our universities?); the American ones by Allen Tate. Each editor has written his own separate introduction and notes. If one may judge from Professor Tate's reference to Christ Church College on page 644 and Lord David's curious Eliot couplet on page 632, neither editor has revised the work of the other. This conclusion is further supported by the editors' general idiosyncrasies. Those of Professor Tate are acceptable enough; in any case, our relative ignorance of modern American literature may require us to submit to his guidance, while his critical record is such that we may do this with confidence. When it comes to Auden (classified as American, Eliot being British) I would have liked more of the astringent early poems. But it is admirable to have so much of Emily Dickinson and Hart Crane, Frost and Stevens; there is enough Pound and Cummings; and the younger poets—Jarrell, Rexroth, Shapiro, for instance—are given a look in.

Professor Tate's introduction stresses the self-consciousness of modern American poetry. Poetry and criticism are closely linked; the one operates constantly upon the other; poetry often takes itself as its subject. All this is true over here, too, and is one of the points that have to be made about contemporary writing. Professor Tate's essay, though at times elusive, and assuming considerable reading, is always intelligent and thought-provoking.

Lord David Cecil's introduction also makes some generalizations, but, being largely about the 'romantic situation', they do not seem especially relevant to our time. They are also vitiated by their author's lack of critical judgment. He lists many poets, and finds a pretty phrase for each; but does not distinguish them as to quality. He rates Bridges so absurdly high that one feels unable to trust any of his other judgments. 'No other poems in this book give a finer or more enduring satisfaction'. Besides the 'cool Olympian spirit' of Bridges, we learn that Binyon 'sings in Keatsian strain'; and so on. No phrase is found for Lawrence; he is not mentioned. Even when, in this catalogue, Lord David does repeat a correct judgment, he does not seem able to distinguish it from his incorrect ones and does not act on it. It is true that Kipling was most truly a poet when writing of soldiers and foreign lands. One would therefore expect to find, say, 'Mandalay' or 'Danny Deever' included to illustrate this; but they are not. The Housman selection includes some of his more vapid pieces. No poet younger than David Gascoyne is represented. (In the anthology itself,

ten of the last twelve poets included are American.)

Naturally, an anthology as large as this is bound to include quite a lot of good poems. And no doubt the idea of including England and America in one cover seemed an admirable Nato sort of gesture. But is this sufficient justification for yet another anthology? Can two separate national traditions be helpfully com-

bined in this way? There is, after all, already the *Faber Book of Modern American Verse*; and the period has been covered for this country in dozens of anthologies. The Faber series has now been rounded off by a comprehensive *Book of English Verse*, edited by John Hayward and covering England and America from the sixteenth to the twentieth centuries. This book has previously been available as a Penguin. The

moderns from Hopkins to Thomas and Dickinson to Cummings get seventy-five pages (Mr. Hayward manages to include nearly as much Dickinson as Professor Tate). The omission of any poem by Lawrence is a grave and inexplicable lapse. No anthology should omit Marvell's lovely lyric 'The Mower to the Glo-Worms'. But in the main Mr. Hayward is both comprehensive and eclectic.

K. W. GRANSDEN

New Novels

The Vet's Daughter. By Barbara Comyns. Heinemann. 13s. 6d.

The Secret of Luca. By Ignazio Silone. Cape. 15s.

A Travelling Woman. By John Wain. Macmillan. 13s. 6d.

The Eighth Day of the Week. By Marek Hlasko. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

IT would be difficult to praise *The Vet's Daughter* sufficiently without being led into extravagance; perhaps it is enough to say that it is both beautiful and strange. Miss Comyns has told her fantastic and pathetic story so well that it is hard to separate the elements out of which it is made up, and indeed one cannot do so without destroying the beautiful unity of tone and atmosphere which pervades her book and gives it a kind of originality which is very rare indeed. It is perhaps this more than anything else which makes *The Vet's Daughter* so remarkable, and since it is something which can only be appreciated by reading the novel, one can only hope that as many people as possible will take the opportunity to enjoy the very particular pleasure which Miss Comyns has to offer.

The climax of her story is an incident described in an Edwardian newspaper report of an inquest on three people trampled to death by a crowd on Clapham Common. One of the three victims was a girl called Alice Rowlands, who performed an act of levitation which provoked the riot in which she died. In *The Vet's Daughter* Alice Rowlands tells in her own words the story which led up to this strange incident, and in doing so she creates a personality, odd, innocent, pathetic, which is so compellingly real that we have no difficulty at all in accepting her ability to levitate. Moreover, it is not only herself that she makes real to us; she confers her own reality on the world in which she lives, on her father, a bullying, callous, drunken veterinary surgeon, on Rosa, his barmaid mistress, on the sad parrot which is relegated to live in the lavatory, on the dim, drab, genteel poverty of her surroundings in Edwardian London. She sees it all with the odd, sharp, innocent vision of a child of seventeen, so that it comes to us with a vividness in which beauty, horror, and matter-of-fact are strangely compounded. And because her vision of the world and of herself is so vivid and original we have no difficulty at all in believing in her gift of levitation or in the inevitability with which it leads her to her horrible death. I have not read Miss Comyns's previous novels but I shall make haste to do so; *The Vet's Daughter* is certainly a very remarkable achievement.

So also is *The Secret of Luca*, and if it is less of a surprise it is only because the author of *Fontamara* and other admirable novels is so obviously a master. In one respect at least Signor Silone and Miss Comyns resemble each other, and that is in the extreme economy of

means which they use to achieve the effects which they desire. Signor Silone's novel is a very short one. An old man called Luca Sabatini returns to his mountain village in Italy, having been pardoned after serving forty years of a life sentence for murder. Everyone in the village knows that Luca was innocent and everyone resents it, partly because they have fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters who were involved in the false testimony on which he was convicted and partly because he had refused to defend himself against the evidence offered against him. A young man who has personal reasons for making a hero of Luca comes back from Rome and determines to discover the secret which lay behind Luca's trial and conviction. He does so, and at the end we are in possession of Luca's secret, but it would be impossible to reveal it here without destroying the beautifully calculated suspense which Signor Silone maintains throughout his story.

But it is not only suspense which Signor Silone gives us. In this story he is a writer who completely understands the people he is writing about so that he needs only a single and significant detail to tell us all we want to know about them; whose simplicity conceals, not imitates, art; and who knows that description or explanation is unnecessary if he can make men and women speak with the voices, living or dead, which are genuinely their own. Signor Silone knows all this, yet everything, and everyone, in this novel are so direct and spontaneous that they seem the product not of art but of nature.

The reverse is true of Mr. John Wain's novel where everything, by comparison, seems the product of art, or of artifice. It is intelligent, at times amusing, and well written. Moreover, it has a pattern of incident and character which in itself would be satisfying if at the end Mr. Wain did not seem to want to abandon comedy for something which is presumably more serious. It would be true to say, I think, that Mr. Wain is not quite sure on what level his characters are living and this in itself gives one doubts about their reality.

A provincial solicitor is out of love with his wife. In order that he may attend a psychiatrist for treatment friends of friends give him a room in London. He falls in love with his landlord's wife. He gives up his treatment so that he may devote all his time to her. His wife comes to London to consult the psychiatrist whom a friend undertakes to impersonate. Friend falls in love with wife. Both wives go to bed with their lovers; both leave them; both lovers find that

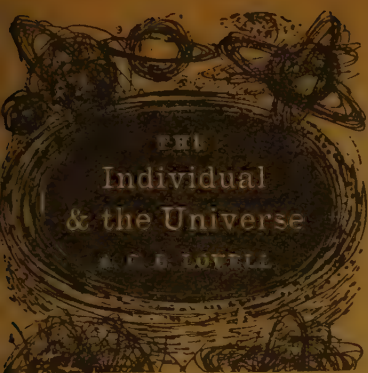
seduction has turned into love and both find that love, which they did not value, is the one thing they really wanted. One almost feels that there is a moral in this somewhere, but one does not quite know what it is. But one is willing to forget one's doubts because Mr. Wain is so keenly aware of both the comic and the serious aspects of love, and he very nearly convinces one of what one knows, that they are really two aspects of the same thing. Only one does not feel that he has convinced himself.

Mr. Wain's semi-serious comedy is played out against that setting of pubs, drinks, easily available women and inadequate living accommodation which is fiction's conventional background of intellectual life in the welfare state; no wonder that some of those who have to live it are angry. There could be no greater contrast than the way of life described in *The Eighth Day of the Week*, by a young Polish writer, whose novel has enjoyed the commonest equivalent of a *succès de scandale* in Poland. In Warsaw, unlike London, the problem is not so much how to catch your goose, or what goose to catch, as to find some place to take her when caught. In *The Eighth Day of the Week* (the eighth day is that day when there will be time and place for the pursuit of pleasure and happiness), a girl student and her lover try desperately to find a room where they can be alone together; they fail, and the girl gives herself to a chance acquaintance whom she meets in a night-club. The girl also fails to bring any comfort or happiness to her brother, who has become an alcoholic as a result of disillusion with the Communist doctrine and Party.

Failure, frustration, disillusion are indeed the dominant themes of *The Eighth Day of the Week*, and in this Mr. Hlasko shows some striking affinities with many writers of his own generation both in this country and in the United States. The difference is that there is a kind of bitter idealism in Mr. Hlasko's characters; they give the impression that they have fought before they have failed. Mr. Hlasko's contemporaries give one the impression of believing that even this is better than never to have failed at all.

The Eighth Day of the Week is well worth reading because of the vivid glimpses it gives of some aspects of life behind the Iron Curtain which ultimately may be of more importance than any which figure more prominently in the propaganda of either the East or the West.

GORONWY REES



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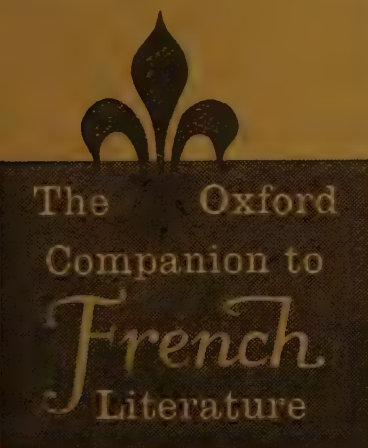
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Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Illustrated Edition

TELEVISION CRITICS will not have been the only people unable to hear Professor Lovell's Reith Lectures on 'The Individual and the Universe'. But there was no excuse: they were printed in *THE LISTENER*. Now, however, for those who can neither listen nor read, or for whom nothing exists until it has appeared on a screen, Professor Lovell has obliged with a television version, in which the three hours of his original broadcasts were boiled down to three-quarters of an hour.

What struck me was the small extent to which the most effective parts of the lecture depended on the visual. We had, of course, views of the Jodrell Bank telescope; and the diagrams of galaxies, distances, movements, etc., were helpful; but I could have managed quite well without most of them, so lucidly presented was Professor Lovell's argument. The most exciting part of the programme, indeed, was that in which the visual was least in evidence: the conclusion, in which the Professor suggested that radio-astronomy may one day be able to decide between the two rival theories of the origin of the universe. Did it evolve from the primeval atom, whose disintegration was the first event of history, the first moment of time? On this theory, the recession of the galaxies is in effect thinning out the universe, and no new creation is going on to replace the receding systems. But on Professor Hoyle's theory of continuous creation, the universe evolves from hydrogen atoms and has neither beginning nor end; as the galaxies recede into the infinite, others are created in intergalactic space; so that, broadly speaking, the universe would look the same from whatever point in time and space you observed it. It is this hydrogen matter that radio-astronomers hope to discover; if they find it, they may be able to answer what Professor Lovell called the ultimate 'tremendous question' of philosophy and theology. This was very exciting; and exciting purely in the abstract realm of imaginative ideas, in which television has no particular advantage over sound radio.

Professor Lovell included in his remarks the usual demand that Britain should spend more money on scientific research. One realizes that it must be frustrating to be a scientist today and not be an American or a Russian. Yet the previous evening, in 'Eye on Research', we had been taken, in a live transmission, to a place where plenty of money, none of it Russian or American, is being spent: C.E.R.N., the international organization near Geneva where twelve European countries have got together for peaceful nuclear research, and where a quarter of the money is British. The aim is to find out more about the fundamental nature of matter by bombarding the nucleus with particles accelerated to colossal speeds in huge shining machines which seemed symbolic of our technocracy.

While the scientists press on regardless, the humanists go on worrying. In 'Small World', Martha Gellhorn, Romain Gary, and Malcolm Muggeridge after a light opening skirmish about love as a subject for letters went on to agree that love, in the wider sense, was certainly worth living for. The only thing to compare with it, Mr. Muggeridge thought, was the right and duty of all decent people to oppose and detest their governments. Miss Gellhorn, who put over an equally passionate anarchy with refreshingly dry wit, thoroughly agreed; M. Gary, a government official as well as a writer, agreed with reservations.

'Body Found' (February 26) was a dramatized documentary about a rather grubby-looking collection of crime reporters from the popular Sundays, chasing the murder of a local good-time girl, each determined to get an exclusive story at all costs. One has heard that the kind of thing we saw here—witness-nobbling and intrusion into private lives on the pretext of offering help—does go on; it was certainly unedifyingly convincing; though I thought the scene where Lake and his rival reporters, nervy and hard-bitten, sat around in the 'local', drinking out time till the editions appeared, wore a rather stereotyped and fictional air. Otherwise, writing and treatment were good, if not quite tip-top; perhaps an hour was too long.

In last Friday's 'Tonight', the Welsh anticipated their St. David's Day celebrations



Two penguin chicks seen in 'Look: South of the Roaring Forties' on February 27

by telling John Morgan what they thought of the English, in one of those coat-trailing (or microphone-trailing) off-the-cuff interviews this programme specializes in. General verdict: the English are dogged, but repressed. Never mind —Mr. Michelmores has promised a return match one day. But when 'Tonight' does one of its impromptu gallup-polls in an English town, the result tends to bear out the Welshmen's verdict: our man in the street is often tongue-tied. If Friday was a fair sample of Welsh articulateness, they ought to do a whole 'Tonight' from Wales one day. In the same programme, Hugo D'Alton played the mandoline exquisitely.

K. W. GRANDSEN

DRAMA

Men of God

IT WAS PERHAPS as well that Richard Owen, the parent in *A Father and His Son* by John Gwilym Jones, was not a minister; his religion did quite enough damage on a half-time basis. 'Mr. Owen the Insurance' had been disappointed in his elder boy Elis who had turned out a happy, ordinary man: all the more did he therefore strain to mould the other son, Gwyn, to be a studious and a righteous credit to the family and to Mr. Owen's tribal Jehovah. With fanatical zeal he will send the boy into adult life, 'perfect unto God'. The egocentric and devout father could only see his own ideals in poor Gwyn, while the average sensual Elis contributed different notions to his brother's adolescence. So Gwyn, inevitably reacting against his father, followed his brother to the extent of smoking cigarettes and picking up with a girl who liked a stroll and a kiss in the evening. Gradually the father became desperate to the verge of madness at seeing Gwyn's possession by what he deemed to be moral ruin; and, with madness, came murder.

The play, both translated from the Welsh and produced by Emyr Humphreys, had some passages of easy, natural writing: Gwyn's calf-love and the common-sense patter of the cheery little flirt with whom he made his escape from father, home, and religious mania, gave the players, Hugh David and Dudy Nimmo, chances which they took to the full, while Clifford Evans successfully tackled the job of making the father's egotism and sanctimonious folly credible. So far, so excellent.

Unfortunately the author, at home in his Welsh parlour realism, thought that he must improve on that by dragging in some futile and tiresome symbolism. A game of darts symbolized



Professor A. C. B. Lovell with a model of the Milky Way, in the adaptation for television on February 25 of his Reith Lectures on 'The Individual and the Universe'

endeavour, with the bull's eye as the still centre' of existence. There was a mysterious stranger who hung about outside the premises, never showing his face and named only as Voice. Voice, I might as well have been entitled Bore. His platitudinous intrusion handicapped a story, told sometimes too slowly but firmly founded on the truth that being a wise father to a student-teacher son is a hard enough job for any man without the added and exasperating vanity of believing oneself to be God's agent here on earth.

R. F. Delderfield, in *Golden Rain* (February 28), also gave us a man of God. The young vicar of a country parish regarded his time and place as sunk in materialism: in his anger against golden-calf-love he denounced from his pulpit the villagers' concentration on 'the pools'. His wife, however, who was justly irritated by the smallness of his stipend and the decayed condition of the vicarage, was pining



Marianne Hilarides and Martin Scheefers with Hans Van Manen (behind) in a scene from the ballet *Concerto for Three Dancers* in 'The Wim Sonneveld Show' on February 25



'Golden Rain' on February 28, with (left to right) Michael Gwynn as the Rev. Roger Strawbridge, Clare Austin as his wife Catherine, and Kynaston Reeves as Archdeacon Shearing

for money and had shared a dip in one of the pools with their housekeeper. Her luck was in and she won £9,000. This would obviously put her anti-betting husband in an absurd and humiliating position and she did what for him was the far, far better thing by renouncing all. The difficulty of Patrick Dromgoole's production was to make the priggish young parson both acceptable company for the audience and the believable husband of a common-sensible wife. The problem was shrewdly solved by casting Michael Gwynn as the vicar, for this actor can establish humanity in a part where integrity is carried to the verge of inhumanity. Together with an able appearance by Clare Austin as the wife and Carmel McSharry's clever piece of characterization as the housekeeper, they kept the story on the rails of probability. Kynaston Reeves, with archidiaconal functions, performed them with a nice affability. What was lacking was the atmosphere of shabbiness and poverty so strongly resented by the wife. How could the miserable pittance mentioned as the stipend have enabled them, since the wife had apparently no money of her own, to pay and feed a housekeeper? Nor did the vicarage itself look the

kind of ruin suggested in the text. But the play gave plenty of scope for argument about the morality of having a pool-plunge and of applying the results of a lucky dip to highly respectable purposes. Garry Halliday, written by Justin Blake and produced by Richard West, took off on Saturday in 'Children's Hour', and it was immediately obvious that Terence Longdon is going to have some hard flying ahead of him in this series. He is a pilot with cat's eyes who can see, as others cannot, mysterious balloons on his routine flights from London to Amsterdam. What is behind these elusive gas-bags? Appropriately, a sinister fellow, who, by a coincidence, is also called the Voice. For Voice's villainies Elwyn Brook-Jones provides suave and purring utterance. The first episode left us with the necessary cliff-hanger. (A cliff-hanger, for those in doubt, is a situation of desperate peril, as of a man clutching to a ledge over a precipice. This suitably ends an instalment and whets one's appetite to read on or look in from here.) In this case the cliff-hanger is a 'case-banger'. On board Garry's 'plane an agent of the Voice has deposited a bomb in a suit-case timed shortly to do its smithereening work. It is ticking away. Chapter One may be said to have ticked over neatly.

IVOR BROWN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Mighty but Unsuitd

THE BROADCAST PERFORMANCE of Marlowe's *Edward II* employed the cast which gave a brilliant stage performance of the play at the Lyric, Hammersmith, last year. The stage performance left me in no doubt as to Marlowe's great stage skill; the actors of the Cambridge

University Marlowe Society propagated the view that Marlowe was as good a master of the stage as Shakespeare. The radio version of the same play by the same actors seemed, however, like a shadow of a stage glory.

That it seemed so was not the fault of the actors or Mr. Peter Watts who produced. Marlowe's mastery of stagecraft was the main stumbling-block. His plot, which is involved and which was wonderfully underlined and prompted on the stage, was too much for the broadcasting medium. Mr. Watts sensibly extended the role of The Chronicler (Mr. Roger Prior) so that he could keep listeners in touch with the in-fighting. But even though Mr. Prior never intruded, and kept his voice soft and confidential like an orchestral concert announcer, the play remained a stage play with added commentary. As no aural vision was created I found myself relying upon memories of the actors' appearances on the Lyric stage.

Mr. Richard Marquand's original *Piers Gaveston* was wonderfully ripe with visual as well as aural asides. The fluttering indecision of Edward II, in Marlowe's view a man more sinned against than sinning, was not translated to the radio.

The failure is, of course, to be expected. The Marlowe Society was at pains to prove their hero's stage mastery; any radio production that remains faithful to this skill must of necessity sound more like a scholarly chore than a piece of aural entertainment.

When Miss Jean Morris's *The Bankrupts* had overcome the initial directions as to place and time in Venezuela in 1823, it moved into a debate on moral apathy. It featured the story of a Spaniard (Mr. Francis de Wolff), accused of a war crime in the Venezuelan war of independence. The Venezuelans, war-weary and morally bankrupt, do not care whether the Spaniard is guilty of the particular crime. The Spaniard himself is resigned because he says he has killed so much that he deserves death in any case. An English naval captain (Mr. William Fox) is asked to arbitrate but finds that he cannot get at the truth of the crime that the Spaniard is accused of. The truth is known only to an Indian (Mr. Andrew Salkey), who subtly avoids telling what he knows. At the last the young grandson of the Alcade, who is trying the Spaniard, organizes the man's escape and the Indian finally confesses that the Spaniard is not guilty. Miss Morris chose an interesting background for a debate which is not altogether without its meaning today.

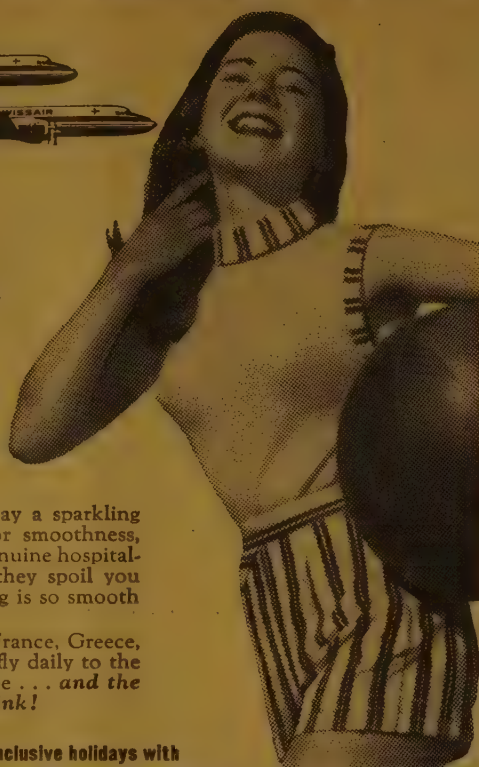
Mr. R. O. Bolt's *A Man for All Seasons* was presented in the 'Repertory in Britain' series and was the best production in the series so far. Performed by the company of Manchester Library Theatre it was produced by Mr. David Scase and presented for radio by Mr. Vivian A. Daniels. Mr. Bolt's view of the trial and death of Sir Thomas More is bereft of the usual sentiment that attends this sad but good man. When Sir Thomas (Mr. John Franklyn Robbins) asks: 'Is it my duty to say good to the state's sickness?' he echoes the desperate thoughts of all those who are martyred for a cause which is also the cause of their executioners. Mr. Bolt has restored Sir Thomas More to his place as a tragic rather than a pathetic figure, and I hope that he will further exploit the historical vein.

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imaginative use of an Antarctic situation in which twelve men are cooped up with the wind howling through time and space. One of the men has hallucinations about a sailing ship and falls in love with a woman survivor who was driven ashore 100 years before. The play is an excursion into science fiction, but the sound of the dark wind, which blows not only from the four corners but up and down in time, almost convinced me that such curious things as a century-old love affair were possible.

Mr. Leslie Godfrey's *Home Comforts* began as a promising comedy about the inmates of a home for retired shop assistants. The old ladies were brilliantly distinct from each other and ended at a rich comic ending. But Mr. Godfrey suddenly changed direction and the latter half studied the sickness of one of the inmates. This sickness could have provided the theme of another play.

The Reluctant Farmer, by Mrs. Margaret MacDiarmid, was about the ghastly trials of managing an Argyll farm. Mrs. MacDiarmid played herself, and the work sounded like a dramatized version of a talk on 'Woman's Hour'. It was not a dramatic success.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Concourse of Youth

DEBATES by the Oxford or Cambridge Union Societies make a fairly regular contribution to broadcasting, and after listening to most of these over the past few months, I have found my graph of expectation taking a steadily earthward trend. Why are the subjects, whether 'regretting the Age of Chivalry', or whatever, so whimsically chosen and so facetiously phrased? A formula for titers would seem to be the guiding principle: and the resulting fun, with a visiting celebrity called in to be the centre of the 'brouhaha', has usually had the effect, at the receiving end, of listening in to the audience at a pantomime. It is pleasant to hear a lot of people obviously enjoying themselves, but if the fun is local and recondite, if you don't see what they see, the pleasure soon evaporates.

It was time for a change, and last Thursday's Oxford Debate (broadcast in a shortened form in the Third Programme next evening) would show that there is safety, for the Unions, in seriousness, and some guarantee of it in a contemporary subject which states its point without innuendo. The visiting celebrity this time was none other than M. Mendès-France, invited to support the motion that 'this house is alarmed by recent events in France'. Many of us would be ready to vote M. Mendès-France one of the most intelligent minds in present-day politics; and some of us, not insignificantly, might be tempted to couple his name, in this respect, with that of Adlai Stevenson. His speech was a model of clarity, implicit wit, and tact. There was no evidence of fault-finding for its own sake. But his picture of the Fifth Republic, a constitution created out of emergency by the 'miracle' of personal prestige, with no visible guarantees, no political counterweight to prevent it from overbalancing, was convincing and alarming enough.

Of the three undergraduate speeches, that of Peter Jay, proposing the motion, was rhetorically the most effective simply because it was the most carefully thought out, the most tightly packed with facts and comparisons. But all were good, and the issue was closely fought. There was no sign here of leaning-over backwards, or of not being able to care less. Given a dramatic theme, all were eager enough to be committed and—strange to relate—all were evidently at home with something that was happening abroad. Listening to this debate, it began to seem that the

shadow cast by Lucky Jim might prove as short as it was ugly and silly.

While France has been trying to take the shortest way with obstructions, the stomach legislative in England develops a longer and longer digestion. The third and last of the series on Parliamentary procedure devoted itself to the problems of how to reduce some of the complications—simplify, for example, the system of voting, and make a more expeditious sharing out of business between House and upstairs committees. All this was excellent, the more so perhaps because it showed that the unwieldy-looking apparatus of daily usage had evolved, after all, through trial and error, and that the most obvious reforms might easily cut at something vital in procedure.

It was only when it came to a more topical question—should the working of Parliament be televised?—that a wrangle and tangle developed. We have all seen what television does for programmes of serious and discursive comment: the only visual resource being a perspective of the talking expert's larynx, dentures, or fillings. (And why is the human face, talking point-blank at an invisible audience, so invariably unattractive?) Since the business of government is not, basically, an entertaining proposition, why turn it into a popular synonym for boredom? The peep-show element, as far as Parliament is concerned, should surely be reserved for the great formal occasions, and day-to-day business left to itself, where anybody who chooses can see it—except on the rare occasions when a member spies strangers.

The 'Scrapbook' seems to be one of the changeless features of broadcasting. Majestically it ignores any progress in technique since earlier days, and surveys the past always from the same rostrum. Everything is skimmed at the same level. In 'Scrapbook for 1936' the effect was of newsreels cunningly stitched together: dole and Derby Day, Jessie Matthews and Mussolini, Fred Perry and—international pandemonium. What a husk of a time it was! Certainly this made an impressive parade of headlines from one of the 'poisoned' years.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

Illuminations

FRANK MARTIN, whose *Six Monologues from 'Everyman'* were broadcast twice during a week-end recently, is a composer of perennial interest, a musician one can trust never to provide his listeners with anything half-baked or lacking in seriousness and depth. That goes for all his music written, let us say, in the last twenty years and it applies to his lighter style of writing as well. He is one of the finest contemporary examples of your true European man of culture, Swiss by birth, living latterly in Holland, teaching for a time in Germany. These *Monologues*, which Mr. Thomas Hemsley sang with exemplary clarity (so that Hofmannstahl's fine lines were beautifully audible) and with a sense of authority, are impressive. It is the utterance of a doom-laden soul, as it were a rich and heavy sorrow expressed in music of an elaborate texture which Martin binds together, and in a way lightens, by such devices as insistent successions of unisons or octaves that resound through the decorative orchestral fabric. Words and music are both of them a present-day reading of the old morality and they fit perfectly, the one with the other. Martin here appears to have no connexion with any particular school or method. He is himself alone and this work (dated 1943) seems to emanate from a particularly refined and poetic intelligence.

Lennox Berkeley's second symphony differs from his first in its texture, which, as far as memory serves, is heavier and richer than that of

the earlier work, now nineteen years old. The intervening years have been used by him to great advantage. They have been a period during which his sympathies appear to have widened and deepened considerably. This increase in awareness has had the effect of producing a broader style of expression, something more fluent and more instantly attractive. Comparing his slight and slender earlier music, and its distinctively French accent, with the generous breadth of comment and the warm lyrical atmosphere that penetrates many significant parts of this new symphony, one might be tempted to use the word romantic in this special instance. But Berkeley is true to his intrinsic self, here as elsewhere, and as in his recent piano concerto with strings, which was heard in an admirable broadcast performance by Colin Horsley, his romanticism is the exception to a general rule which is founded in keen perceptions expressed in music that has a fine cutting edge.

In the piano concerto it was the slow movement that allowed us to breathe deeply and, for that moment, easily as we took in the opening melody. This disclosed that shy avowal of intimate feeling that is all a composer of Berkeley's temperament would consider proper. Such a wistful acknowledgment of the existence of the eternal verities which still are objects of our impassioned contemplation could be heard again in the quieter moments, notably in the slow movement, of the second symphony. Both the concerto and the symphony have first movements that maintain one's interest and finales less satisfying on a single hearing.

The City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, who gave the first performance of the symphony last week under Andrzej Panufnik, are to be congratulated on adding it to the number of important new works they have commissioned of late. Presumably they will bring it to London and give us the chance to peer further into its depths. It may then be possible to determine whether the more inconclusive outer movements, which have passages of fine construction but as a whole seem to lack continuing impulse, are more coherent than they sound so far.

Signor Nino Sanzogno, since Cantelli's death the chief of the internationally known Italian conductors, started a series of concerts with the B.B.C. Orchestra last Saturday and from the first moment one realized that in him music has an interpreter of great gifts. Purcell's seven-part Fantasia was clear and logical, Britten's *Les Illuminations* (in a particularly beautiful rendering by Alexander Young) was a fine example of delicate manipulation of an orchestral texture as background to a voice, and Debussy's *Jeux* restored to its right stature a work that has been considered less highly than it deserved. This was how it should always be played, with a conductor who can hold the lines taut and keep the balance subtly adjusted, in the way Signor Sanzogno did in this instance. Without that acute perception of the details of a score and the ability to communicate that keen point of view to the orchestra (a Latin quality of interpretation, surely) *Jeux*, which is exquisite pointillisme with minute points of light to be visualised and many points of rhythm delicately to be touched in, becomes dull and senseless.

Having heard Signor Sanzogno interpret these works with such fine insight I could not doubt the authenticity of his interpretation of Dallapiccola's *Canti di liberazione*, a work of manifest power for chorus and orchestra. It was impressive and I found it difficult to understand at all adequately at one hearing. I had the impression of an eloquent style of utterance and a very individual technique. There I leave what is evidently a remarkable work until an opportunity comes to study the music in quietude and at leisure.

SCOTT GODDARD

Music on B.B.C. Television

By PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

IT would be a duller life if everything attained the same standard of punctilio and polish. Consider the variety of entertainment one may encounter, not on the screen but in real life, in one evening. The cultural soirée is almost unnervingly well managed. At the door a blue-haired kindly woman whom you have most certainly never seen before knows all about you, even your name. 'Why, good evening, Mr. Hopewalluz', she coos, and turns you over with suitable explanation to a man in a million-dollar suit who, exactly at the right moment, whisks you up to the celebrity, allows you fifty seconds flat to 'make your number', and then, before you have hogged more than your share of his stamina and goodwill, wheels you to the right-about with some inquiry as to what refreshment you will take. Well, that is a very, very relaxing (in the modern sense) way of being entertained. But I am old fashioned enough to find enjoyment too in that haphazard, semi-bohemian kind of party, truly English in spirit, in which nobody knows anyone else's name, the hostess wanders about like a somnambulist with two plates of cheese straws, and almost anything might happen.

This is by way of trying not to make too disobliging a contrast between the utter efficiency of the three celebrity recitals we have enjoyed during the period under review and the somewhat harum-scarum, very uneven (but on occasion often rather exciting in its unpredictability) attempt on Puccini's one-act opera *Il Tabarro*, or *The Cloak*.

The three celebrities were not, as you might assume from this week's cover of *Radio Times*, our old friends Messrs. Jaffa, Byfield and Kilbey, but three virtuosi from the U.S.S.R., and I have no doubt that the television music department will have had to endure many letters of the kind which begin 'Why encourage foreign artistes . . . ?' The pianist Gilels (would not Hilels be a better transliteration?) has good claims to be one of the tiny top handful. The 'cellist Rostropovich was, if less well known to us and therefore more of a revelation, a marvellous performer; and Leonid Kogan played Tchaikovsky with a sweetness of tone which made me think of Mischa Elman. But not even he could make me like the Sword Dance of Khatchaturian, with its forcible-feeble reiterations. What can it be in it that raises the Housewives of the famous Choice to such transports of enthusiasm for this tiresome piece?

The presentation of these artists was in itself a task somewhat diplomatic (at least in the sense of 'ticklish'). For can you not imagine the cries of rage, the imputation of insult or 'unbelievable provocations' which would instantly have rent the ether if the mildest accident had occurred? Actually, unless my memory is at fault, these recitals were carried out with an

almost frightening smoothness and with a sense of musical aptness and loyalty to the musician and the composer first which you might well expect from the producer (Walter Todds). They were formal. The artists did not wink or smirk or unbend, like gifted amateurs in the servants' hall at some house party in the pre-1914 era. But we were allowed a searching look into their carefully cultivated art. In fact millions of us, had we the sense to wait to that hour in the



Elaine Malbin as Giorgetta and Ronald Lewis as her husband, Michele, in Puccini's one-act opera *The Cloak* on February 24

evening, obtained an intimate view of a virtuoso at work in a way that I for one was never able to see Kreisler, whom now I remember only, so to speak, in long shot, the top of a tiny head seen from the gallery of the Albert Hall, and a tiny thread of golden tone floating heavenward.

March is a good month for counting one's blessings as an antidote to 'flu and the ending of the financial year. If everything in the world seems slightly worse, it is worth asking whether a world in which performers of this standard emerge for you on your hearth is not possibly a far far better place than the one where a single Albert Hall concert might be the experience of a lifetime? Or does such richness end by choking us into indifference?

Well, we shall not suffer, I think, from a superfluity of opera. Unless you count in the late Ivor Novello's musical plays, of which *The Dancing Years* had a revival of which I heard a fan claim that it was even better than the original. On that, I am incompetent to judge. But it evidently gave pleasure and gives me a chance to put right a muddle I made recently about Sari Barabas who was appearing previously in 'Music for You', whence I derived the impression that she had not sung at Glyndebourne, although in fact I myself heard her sing there.

But a musical play is plain sailing compared

to veristic opera. *Il Tabarro* was directed (viewed for us) by Charles Rogers and produced (i.e. positioned, rehearsed dramatically, and so on) by Colin Graham. The conductor, who thought could have dug a little more fire from the few passionate moments in Puccini's pungent, gloomy score, was William Reid, but the one hardly knows under what handicap and need to play safe he may have had to work. I am sure we shall hear more of the director and producer, equally sure that they were right to take a chance now and again.

But the truth is that the kind of realistic opera is far less suited to the screen than the most formal, elaborate opera of the concert-in-fancy-dress type. For one thing, we never got the 'geography' of the barge where the adultery and strangling take place. Giorgetta (one of Puccini's least rewarding heroines who only 'gets going' twice and then briefly) was made to emerge from a cabin not six inches from where her lover Luigi had just been strangled by her husband. She has apparently heard nothing. Yet the time is summer, the cabin window luminous, etc. Such improbability on a small stage one has perforce to forgive. But Seine barges are often immensely long. Could the action not have been spread out? Then those glances at the onshore life: myself I found them distracting whereas, as part of the musical background with no shift of viewpoint—which is how they impinge in the theatre—they are just part of the atmosphere.

But the real trouble with Puccini in English is the dragging effect of the dialogue. *Son andati? Are they gone now?* (or 'then') and the wholly unnatural stress on the 'gone'. When Jean Watson as the rag-picker observed at the end of the lovers' bawling apostrophe, so *Louise* like, for freedom from toil and for free love, the slowly portentous 'I think I understand now', was like Lady Bracknell rather than a tramp from the quays. (Not Miss Watson's fault, of course.) In their outbursts, both Luigi (Raymond Nilsson) and Giorgetta (the charmingly slim yet sonorous Elaine Malbin) were able to carry us by the sheer intensity and sincerity of their singing. But the *quasi-parlando* which Puccini uses so effectively as a stage language seems on the screen so desperately sluggish in effect and so at odds with the otherwise agonisingly exact characterization that the 'truth' of such veristic opera totally eludes the television camera. 'Come on everybody' and much clumsiness in viewing the impromptu dance. Well, perhaps we cannot really have realistic language. Adulterer to barge husband (Ronald Lewis) who is strangling him 'Let me go . . . you devil!' Nothing in Handelian opera is as difficult to accept as that!

But let us be grateful that the Puccini centenary has had a look in on television. It was worth trying, though I recommend that this particular opera be given a rest now.



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Bridge Forum

Answers to Listeners' Bridge Problems

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

Question 1

(from G. H. T. Bishop, of Danes Green, Claines, Worcester):

Could you please give an opinion upon the correct response to 1 N.T. vulnerable (3½ honour tricks—3 suits covered) with the following:

♠ K J 10 7 6 4 2 ♥ K ♦ Q 8 3 ♣ K 9
Would you consider the merits of Three or Four Spades or would you prefer any other bid?

Answer by Terence Reese

There seems little point in a bid of Four Spades since that would be a final action and a slam should not be ruled out. Three Spades has most of the advantages—if partner bids Three No Trumps he is unlikely to have more than two spades and we are happy to resign in Four Spades. If partner bids Four Spades we can perhaps hazard Five Spades. If partner likes spades and has good controls, he can show this by cue-bidding over Three Spades, and we shall then not stop short of Six.

Question 2

(from Dr. W. Forshall, 165 Comely Bank Road, Edinburgh):

South deals. Love all.

♠ A K J	♠ 8 4 2
♥ A K 7 5	♥ 10 4
♦ A K 8 3	♦ Q 9 6 2
♣ Q 7	♣ J 9 5 3

A light opening bid of One Spade by South

permitted East-West to reach Three No Trumps. Without the opening by South, Dr. Forshall suggests the bidding might begin 2 C—2 D—2 H—3 D and asks for our view on this.

Answer by Harold Franklin

The hand is tailor-made for those using the Acol system. A balanced hand with less than 25 points is considered insufficient to make a mandatory force to game. After 2 C—2 D therefore West would bid 2 N.T.—a bid which partner can pass with fewer than three points. In fact, East would raise to 3 N.T.

Question 3

(from Mrs. P. J. Haugh, The Mall, Sligo, Ireland):

Please suggest a sequence of bids to arrive at a slam on the following hands. West deals:

♠ K J 5 4	♠ A
♥ A K 10 7 6	♥ Q 5
♦ 6	♦ A K Q 10 8 3
♣ A 6 5	♣ 8 4 3 2

Answer by Terence Reese

WEST	EAST
1 H	3 D
3 S	4 D
5 C	6 D

The hand seems to revolve on East's first response and in my view it would be a mistake not to force since otherwise it may be too

difficult to give a good picture of East's strength. In spite of his lack of diamond support, West is worth one further effort over Four Diamonds because of his good controls.

Question 4

(from Mrs. Ruth Croasdale, Grottery, Ballycastle, Northern Ireland):

Mrs. Croasdale asks about two hands, both in response to an opening bid of two, playing the forcing Two.

(1) ♠ K Q 5 4 ♥ 7 6 ♦ K Q J 8 6 3 ♣ 4: partner opens Two Hearts.

(2) A ten-point hand containing ♥ K J 8 6 and only two spades in response to partner's opening of Two Spades.

On each occasion I was told that the answer should have been a denial.

Answer by Harold Franklin

Both hands are specifically covered by the late Ely Culbertson in the sections of his book dealing with 'Responses to Forcing Two Bids'. A suit take-out, he says, is made on any biddable suit, provided the hand contains 'any six-card or longer suit, regardless of the weakness (or strength) of the hand'. That clearly covers hand 1. And: 'A suit take-out is made on any biddable suit provided the hand contains one plus honour trick or more with any regular biddable suit of four cards or more', under which definition hand 2 clearly qualifies.

How to Play Chess Less Badly

By C. H. O'D. ALEXANDER

IDEALLY, YOUR OPPONENTS should be as varied as possible. Play slightly stronger players when you can; it will prevent the mental slackness which is almost inevitable when you regularly play weaker players. But do not play much stronger players except occasionally; it is too discouraging and will prevent you from developing your own ideas and plans in your games.

A successful university player of an earlier generation once told me that, whatever the opposition, his attitude was: 'Unless I play my best I shan't win; unless I make a mistake I can't lose'. This admirably expresses the proper attitude and corrects the two faults of over-confidence against weak players and defeatism against strong ones.

Young players in particular should vary their choice of openings as much as possible, as different openings present problems of different kinds. Do not choose your openings because masters play them: choose them because they suit you and you understand them.

Coming to middle game, it is instructive to see how a great player defends himself when he is in trouble—how he digs himself in and refuses

to give ground an inch further: one sees how bad a position can look and still be defensible. When the ordinary player gets into difficulties he nearly always weakens and makes further mistakes, partly at least because he thinks his game is worse than it is. If, in a difficult position, you begin to offer stubborn resistance, it can be disconcerting for an opponent who has thought he is rolling you up. Conversely, in a good position do not overreach yourself; many strong positions can against good defence be capitalized into only a small advantage and you must be ready, for example, sometimes to see your attack go in return for an end-game advantage. Positions that are clearly won or lost offer a different problem. All the player who is winning wants to do is to be allowed to win peacefully in his own time and to avoid complications. The losing player must strive to create complications and force his opponent to play aggressively in order to win; an unsound attack will often succeed in such circumstances, because fear of risking his gains reduces the opponent to passivity. Conversely, if you are winning, it may still be necessary to play boldly.

In spoilt positions—that is, situations in which you have ruined a good game—do not continue playing as if you still had the advantage but accept the new situation and play it as it is, not as you had hoped it would be.

It is the ending, perhaps, that distinguishes the master most clearly from the ordinary player. So play endings whenever you can, and if you are given to studying the openings, spend half the time you devote to them on the endings instead. Two technical hints on the ending: first, bring your king into play as quickly as possible and make him work; second, in rook endings (the most frequent kind), use your rook aggressively—the rook is better in attack than defence.

Whatever kind of chess you play, play to the rules. Move a piece if you touch it—and make your opponent do the same; if you have a clock, use it. Not playing to the rules makes you mentally slack and in the end often leads to bad feeling; because a time comes when you do not want the opponent to take back his move and by then he thinks he has a prescriptive right to do so.—From a talk in Network Three

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

Glass-Fibre Curtains

IN THE SHOPS you should now be able to buy a new type of material for curtains. It is made of glass. For curtains, glass fibre has several advantages: fabrics made with it do not shrink, or sag, or stretch. They are rot-proof and fade-proof; also moth-proof and crease resistant. The makers say they will not burn in any circumstances: even if you hold a lighted cigarette against these fabrics it will not make a hole. In addition, glass fibre is easy to wash. Dirt does not penetrate the fabric, so all you have to do is to swish it in warm lather. Ten minutes' drip-drying is all that is needed after that. You do not even have to coax your curtains back into shape, let alone iron them.

The white nets have a glistening white, shimmering appearance, and I was told that they never dwindle into a depressing grey or foggy yellow. Glass fibre filters and reflects the light, which gives a translucent effect, even with the heavier patterns and darker colours. The curtains can be lined for extra 'body' with a special quality of glass-fibre fabric made for the purpose. The forty-six-inch wide material costs roughly from about 20s. to 29s. a yard, and the lining costs about 17s. 6d. a yard.

RUTH DREW

Avoiding Accidents at Home

Most people these days are conscious of the dangers of burns and scalds. They know about providing fire guards, about keeping saucepan handles turned to the back of the stove, and using flameproof materials for children's clothes wherever possible. Remember, also, that an iron, left for a moment, can be pulled over by an inquisitive child. A poker left in the fire becomes extremely hot, and can be seized by an unsuspecting member of the family. The metal crew of an old-fashioned hot water bottle can become dangerously hot, too. For this reason, a baby's hot-water bottle should always be taken out of the cot before the baby is put in.

If a burn does occur, and it is a bad one, do

not put any medicament on it. Just exclude the air—a clean handkerchief will make an excellent cover—and call the doctor. Really mild burns or scalds can be comforted by the application of a paste made of sodium bicarbonate and water, but please do not use anything else. A burn caused by an electric shock should also be seen by a doctor, even if it seems slight—there may be more to it, under the surface.

Next, the danger of poisoning. The obvious answer to this is again prevention. All pills, potions, household cleaning fluids, and the like should be firmly locked away, out of children's reach. This applies to alcohol, too. One child I know nearly poisoned himself with half a bottle of whisky from the family cocktail cabinet. Ideally, a medicine cupboard should be the kind that lights up when the door is opened, so that the wrong pills or medicine cannot be taken in error during the night—a tragically common occurrence. Never use odd bottles for poisonous fluids, unless you label them clearly.

If you think your child has taken something poisonous, wrap him up warmly and take him immediately to your doctor or the nearest hospital. Be sure to take the bottle or pill-box with you, so that the doctor can find out what the poison is, and treat the child accordingly. If he has taken a burning type of poison—strong disinfectant, for example—a little beaten egg-white may help to soothe the pain. Do not use emetics, such as salt and water or mustard, because they sometimes can cause more discomfort, especially with a burning type of poison. The main thing is to get the child to a doctor quickly.

CLAIRE RAYNER

A Supper Dish

Allow one large, mild Spanish onion to each person and boil them in salted water for about a quarter of an hour. Then cut each onion in half crosswise and stand it, cut side upwards, in a buttered tin. Sprinkle each half generously

with brown sugar and shavings of butter. Season with salt and, if you like it, a sprinkling of paprika (this gives a red tinge). Bake the onions for about half an hour in a moderate oven (or longer, if very large). Squeeze on a little lemon juice before serving the halves on toast.

LOUISE DAVIES

In the recipe for 'Pears in Syrup' last week, the amount of saffron to be included should have read: 'two large pinches'.

Notes on Contributors

AIDAN CRAWLEY (page 399): M.P. (Labour) for Buckingham, 1945-51; Under-Secretary of State for Air, 1950-51; author of *Escape from Germany*

NICOLAS MALLESON (page 401): Member of the Royal College of Physicians; physician in charge of the Student Health Centre, University College, London University

D. D. RAPHAEL (page 407): Senior Lecturer in Moral Philosophy, Glasgow University; author of *The Moral Sense and Moral Judgment*; edited Richard Price's *Review of the Principal Questions in Morals*

KENNETH BISSET (page 410): Reader in Systematic Bacteriology, Birmingham University; author of *The Cytology and Life History of Bacteria*

Lieutenant-General SIR BRIAN HORROCKS, K.C.B., K.B.E. (page 413): Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, House of Lords, since 1949; during last war commanded in succession Ninth Armoured Division and XIII, X, IX, and XXX Corps

J. WOOD PALMER (page 422): writer; for many years arranged exhibitions for the Arts Council; author of *The Deep Root*, etc.

C. H. O'D. ALEXANDER (page 434): British chess champion in 1938 and 1956; author of *Chess, Alekhine's Best Games of Chess*, etc.

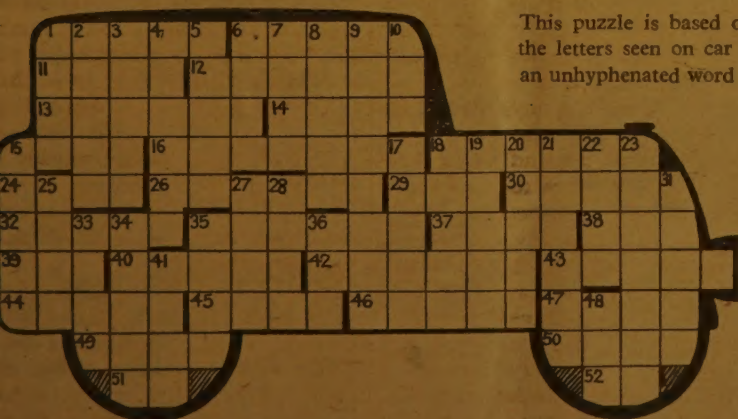
Crossword No. 1,501.

Auto-suggestion.

By UDG 211

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, March 12. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



This puzzle is based on a word game played with the letters seen on car number plates. Each light is an unhyphenated word from which three consecutive

letters have been omitted. The corresponding clue is a 'number plate' showing, in order, the discarded letters, the number of letters in the actual light, and the two-digit sum of the numerical equivalents of those letters (A=1, B=2, . . . , Z=26). All words are in Chambers's Twentieth Century Dictionary (Mid-Century Version).

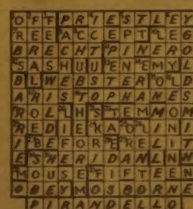
CLUES—ACROSS

1. DSM 546 6. SGR 522 11. STH 462 12. OKO 677
13. CHS 670 14. TUT 445 15. URR 443 16. LYW 771
18. CHW 681 24. ICI 434 26. RFE 666 29. UBU 333
30. PSP 569 32. SGI 537 35. UKU 654 37. KHO 455
38. UGH 344 39. AEO 355 40. BDO 540 42. CHB 658
43. YOC 541 44. GNE 572 45. PNI 406 46. CIS 556
47. IZO 455 49. YGI 454 50. RUR 435 51. ASE 217
52. AHW 230

DOWN

1. OUA 436 2. OHY 556 3. MSK 580 4. THM 653
5. LHE 551 6. EBA 432 7. IPI 446 8. HLE 553
9. LYC 887 10. ZYM 324 15. HNA 573 17. KEM 556
18. OEM 556 19. NOU 537 20. NPI 575 21. OBA 663
22. GVE 432 23. BKE 790 25. BSC 439 27. CIF 429
28. OZO 424 31. MKH 548 33. CHN 465 34. CHL 565
35. NXM 429 36. ACM 312 41. YPU 439 48. ALG 360

Solution of No. 1,499



1st prize: G. Dixey (London, N.W.8); 2nd prize: W. Purbrick (Wallington); 3rd prize: Dr. T. O. Hughes (Sale)

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